THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878. $3.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 1.

THE SHINING WORDS.

A noble youth sat silent in despair;
Empty seemed heaven and the world all bare;
A wind sped by * * * he saw strange
glows of fire,
And therein writ three words—"Hope, Aim, Aspire!"

"Too hard, too high," he sighed; "'tis all in vain;"
And downward looked again and saw his pain.
A mightier breath he felt, and clear in view,
Saw thus, in strenuous flame, writ—"Dream, Dare, Do!"

"Unto what end?" he cried, "I know not aught
Worth while;" and fell again to gloomy thought;
Gentler the wind came, yet like fiery lance
His half-closed heart it pierced, and broke its trance.

One word alone, but that the master word!
In mystic writ blazed "Love." * * * *
Now his soul stirred;
With eyes transformed, as clouds the sun breaks through,
"Hope, Aim, Aspire!" he sang, and "Dream, Dare, Do!"

Into large splendor swelled the luminous sign,
Earth's vault was opened into arcs divine,
All thoughts, and deeds, and hopes shone clear and true;—
"Behold!" saith Love, "'tis I make all things new!"

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART II.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.

"But I do not wish to hear about the great-grand-fathers," laughed Agatha; "I want to hear about the people themselves. Mr. Davenport seems to have grandfathers on the brain."

"An epidemic that always prevails in this city," said Miss Lennox. "I never come here that I do not feel reproached for thinking so little about my own; but you see, Mr. French, we New Yorkers are too selfish to think of anyone but ourselves; are we not, Agatha?"

Mr. French, ignoring Miss Lennox's remark, and not waiting for Agatha's reply, answered Mr. Davenport by saying, "Yes, I do plume myself upon the extent as well as the orthodox nature of my information in such matters; and where there has been any great-grand-father, I am pretty sure to know it. But society is sadly changed in these days through the new people whose money has brought them in."

"Please spare me a recital who the new people are, as well as of dead people's merits or demerits, Mr. French, and tell me about the living. Who is that slender man with the interesting face?"

"Really, I beg your pardon, but I do not see any interesting face. Couldn't you designate him a little more clearly?"

"He is quite near you, to the left. Such wonderful eyes! I think I never saw a face with more strength or character in it."

It so happened that there was a group of men standing near; and Miss Lennox saying, "I think Miss Lee means Mr. Barber," drew Mr. French's attention to a tall man with a funeral aspect, very much such a one as an undertaker would assume when officiating in his calling; his head slightly and solemnly bent forward, and his eyes looking out from under his overhanging eyebrows with a sinister expression.

"Oh, that is Phil Barber. His wife is a New York woman: a *ci-devant* belle. He is a great beau, and his especial province in society is to frown down intruders. Do you like his face, Miss Lee? He always puts me in mind of a Jesuit priest in the expression of his eyes, and with that little round spot on the crown of his head bare of hair."

"And who is the slippery looking creature next to him, who only needs an umbrella to stamp him as a veritable Paul Pry? I thought I knew all your Philadelphia men by sight," said Miss Lennox; while Agatha, speaking at the same time, answered Mr. French's question.

"Yes, I do like his face amazingly. There is a man, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Davenport, who could start and sustain a subject of conversation without calling in the aid of his grandfather."

"For a very good reason," said Mr. French, drily; "he never had one."

"I thought you said his especial province in society was to frown down intruders, Mr. French?"

"That is just what I did say, Miss Lee."

"But how did he ever get into society, if his antecedents are so questionable?" asked Agatha.

"Why, he pushed his way in, with the help of several very important levers. But he had such a deuced hard time to get himself established, that, like the sophomores at college, who revenge themselves, not upon those who cause them all the trials and afflictions of their freshmen career, but upon the luckless fellows whom they find in like pitiable circumstances, so Barber now resents the wrongs he has endured from his seniors in society, by returning the same blows to those whom he finds just without the iron bar that he has succeeded in crawling under."

"Really, I cannot believe that a man whose eyes are so full of soul as that man's can possess so small a nature," answered Agatha.

"You do well to receive Mr. French's statements with some grains of allowance," broke in Mr. Davenport. "Shall I bring him and present him to you?"

"No, pray do not just now. I do not feel in the mood for a tilting match, but I feel sure that I could not exchange ten sentences with him without his awakening me into one. Who is the handsome woman near him?—just to his left."

"Mrs. Belton. She is divorced, and her husband has married again."

"And who is the Bacchante, in a gown of arsenic green, and grapes in her hair, around whom all the men are hovering, like bees around clover blossoms?"

"Mrs. Matthews. She is not divorced, but if I were her husband she soon would be."

Miss Lennox, who had been listening, now exclaimed triumphantly:

"There, did you ever hear of such a place for unhappy marriages?"

Agatha answered sadly, with an abstracted look in her eyes, as though her thoughts were far away.

"Without doubt there are many unhappy marriages everywhere, but one does not know in a large city like New York all that is going on: while here, where it is said three hundred families at most comprise what is called fashionable society, everything is canvassed and made public. I do not believe there is any more unhappiness here than elsewhere, only that people discuss the affairs of others more than we, who have *little* enough time to think of ourselves, in the whirl that we are kept in."

"That is just what it is," said Mr. French; "and as a natural consequence of such a state of things, people often know more about us than we know about ourselves. Now, I heard only this morning that Miss Lennox and I were engaged to be married; and I did not take the pains to dispute it, hoping that it might become true in time. What would you say were I to propose to make love to you, Miss Lennox?"

"I would say that it was not while for you to take the trouble," she answered drily.

At this moment Mrs. Belcher came for Agatha, and while standing by her side, for she had risen, Mr. Barber came up and asked Mrs. Belcher to introduce him to Miss Lee. When presented, he said:

"I am not only happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Lee, because I have so frequently heard you spoken of by our mutual friend, Mr. Bartholomew, but because I have a claim upon you of kinship."

"Is it really so?" asked Agatha. "I believe blood is thicker than water; and I confess to having had a feeling that I should find you congenial if I ever came to know you, during the half hour that I have seen you standing near. But I did not dream of any relationship."

"There is, however, though very distant. On my mother's side I am descended from the Lees of High Leigh, in Cheshire, England; and Mr. Bartholomew has told me that your father is a lineal male descendant. Will you allow me to see you to your carriage?"

They followed Mr. Davenport, who had Mrs. Belcher on his arm; and before they drove off, both of the men had accepted Mrs. Belcher's invitation to her opera box the following evening.

"Did you ever know anything so droll?" asked Agatha of Mrs. Belcher, "as that Mr. Barber should turn out to be a relation of mine? And then they had just been telling me that he had no grandfather, and had pushed himself into society, and don't know what all."

"My dear," said Mrs. Belcher, putting her hand on Agatha's impressively, "my dear, never believe one word that you hear about anyone's antecedents in this town. Mr. Barber is a great favorite with all the women, and of the very few really intellectual men here; consequently, the men are down upon him; and only that it would be going too far, some of them would deny that he had ever had any mother. The next thing, now he has given out that he is descended from the Lees of High Leigh, they will ridicule him for his descent. I never saw such a race of people. They scoff at one for being low-born, and when one proves that he is not, they ridicule him because he has pride of birth. Now, we New Englanders are at least consistent; we acknowledge the claims of birth, and we expect to find in people of good ancestry, ambition to keep up the culture of past generations, as well as that self-respect which leads one to respect the rights and claims of others. But here, culture has nothing to do with what they call family pride."

"You speak feelingly, Edith."

"I have reason to speak feelingly, for this state of things is so cramping and narrowing, that when I think my children will be in time brought under its influence, and even are now, young as they are, I do not know how to bear it. There is scarcely a week that passes that they do not come to me with some fiction that has been retailed to them about themselves or others; not that I care a button for what is said, but for the influence that it has in moulding their characters. To think, too, that it is so contrary to the spirit of our institutions! Why, we are worse off than if we had titles of nobility. Then there would be no mistakes made, such as are common now—calling people 'new,' and 'parvenus,' whose families are five times as old as the families of those who call them so. Either advocate titles, I say, or take every man and woman for a gentleman and lady, and treat them as such, until their conduct proves them not to be. None of this absurd digging up of decaying roots, to get at their odor, before you can tell the scent of a Jamestown weed from a rose. But here we are, and let us drop genealogy and everything connected with it, for John despises, as much as I do, the false pride that is engendered here in connection with pride of ancestry. So far removed as it is, from all republican ideas! As if any man born a gentleman, who has acquired the culture of one, is one iota less worthy because he prefers work with independence to idleness in dependance! Such ideas will demoralise any community."

CHAPTER II.

AGATHA THINKS "FRIENDSHIP OF ALL TIES MOST BINDS THE HEART."

We dream what is about to happen.—*Bailey.*

The following evening Mrs. Belcher's opera box presented as distinguished an array of beauty as it was possible to assemble together in so small a space. Mrs. Belcher herself was still a beautiful woman, with the bluest of eyes, wavy golden hair, and cheeks like the leaves at the heart of a damask rose. Wrapped in her opera cloak of some soft texture of the color of apple blossoms, or perhaps a few tints deeper, like those one finds in sea shells she looked good enough to eat, as her husband proudly told her, when she stopped at his library door on her way to the carriage.

Seated in her opera box, Agatha came next, her face none the less attractive because of its ivory paleness. She had, as Carroll Tracey once told her, the eyes of a prophetess; and they shone like stars this evening, the music seeming to bring an unwonted brilliancy to them. Still, it was the cold brilliancy of some far-off planet, that had no suggestion of earth in its light. The two young ladies who occupied the other seats in the front of the box were the acknowledged belles of Philadelphia society; still Agatha's expressive face was not thrown in shadow by the side of their brilliant beauty.

The first act of "Traviata" was finished when the three men, Davenport, Barber, and Mr. Belcher, left, to make room for the men who came crowding into the box, drawn thither by their admiration of some of its fair occupants, much to Mr. Barber's disgust, who thereby lost a *tete-a-tete* with Agatha.

"Have you seen the mysterious stranger in the opposite box?" asked one of them, addressing Mrs. Belcher.

Agatha heard the question, and, looking across the house, through her lorgnette, recognised Carroll Tracey, so placed that he could not be distinctly seen by anyone in the house save that infinitesimal portion that occupied the stage boxes. She heard the after conversation as one might hear in a dream, how much their curiosity was stimulated to find out who he was, and the various conjectures made concerning him, some declaring him to be the image of Carroll Tracey, though an older man. While they were still talking, Agatha saw him arise and leave the box, and she felt sure he was on his way to speak to her. She was not disappointed; but the appearance of a spirit could not more have startled the other occupants. After exchanging salutations with Mrs. Belcher and Agatha, he sat down by the latter. What magical change had come over Agatha! Her cheeks glowed with the soft, velvety warmth of peaches that have ripened in the sun; her beautiful eyes absorbed the light like golden-brown pools steeped in sunshine. Mr. Tracey sat through one act; and then, after saying that he would call the next morning to say good-bye, as he was going to sail for Europe, he returned to his box. Mr. Davenport was standing with Mr. Belcher, a little back, but where he could see Agatha's classically cut profile.

"Miss Lee lights up well," he said.

"She looks well in all lights," answered Mr. Belcher. "My wife, who, like all women, has a spice of match-making in her composition, is already planning how she can keep her here long enough to get her interested in some one of her admirers; for she really is very much admired."

"I am told that she is not of the marrying sort; in fact, that she has never had a history of any description, and I believe it; for in the five years that I have known her—let me see, is it five years?—yes, I met her father just five years ago, shooting down in the *Bayou-teche* country, and that was where our intimacy first commenced. Well, in these five years, I have never been able to make the slightest impression upon her. She has odd notions for a woman to hold, and is a devotee at the shrine of Platonic love."

"Platonic fiddlesticks! I'll laugh her out of that. Go in for her, Davenport, if you have a fancy that way; and I'll bet ten to one you will win her."

Mr. Davenport looked very wise, and resorting to his moustache, pulled it first one side, then the other, saying:

"Colonel Potten once said that a man might as well make love to an iceberg as to a woman who is a professed believer in Platonic love; and after long and careful observation, I believe the fellow is right."

"Oh, hang Potten! You are enough of a man to know that a woman who is an iceberg to one man is the sun itself to another. Try Platonic love then with her; and if you are as much of a man as I take you for, the rest will follow."

Davenport shook his head. "It is of no use," he said. "If I am not mistaken, she has found her Platonic lover. I was looking at her from the other side of the house when Tracey was talking with her, and I was reminded of the fable of Pygmalion. The statue was transformed. Do you know what brought him over there?"

"I heard him tell Miss Lee that he came over to say good-bye to her before sailing for Europe. He has applied for a divorce, I hear, on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. I wonder if he knows of the slander, that everyone attributes to Paul Howard having put in circulation, concerning his wife?"

"But is it a slander? I had it from pretty good authority that he was at the bottom of the divorce; although Tracey chose to shut it up and prefer his suit upon another ground."

"Miss Lee knows the whole story, and Paul Howard had nothing to do with it, she says. There would seem to be no end of prospective divorces. That marriage that came off yesterday will end in a divorce if I am not mistaken."

"Or something worse. But, to change the subject, do you really think that Carroll Tracey would be so regardless of appearances as to come over to see Miss Lee while his divorce suit is pending, if there is any feeling between them stronger than friendship?"

"Candidly, I don't think any man stops for appearances where his heart is interested; but Miss Lee, who is rather straitlaced in her ideas of propriety, would not allow him to come if there were any stronger feeling than friendship. Of that I am perfectly sure."

"Then he has probably run over to advise with her, as a friend who knows all the circumstances."

The curtain was now raised, and the third act began. Agatha never once looked over to the opposite box, but, seemingly absorbed by the ravishing music, sat motionless. From the shadow of its curtains Mr. Tracey kept his eyes upon her, while with half-closed lids she looked as if ready to fall into a magnetic slumber. It was like a dream to her that he was so near; and to him, it was heaven to see before him her face in its peaceful repose.

There was to be a supper given at Augustine's, after the opera; but Agatha excused herself on the plea of a headache, and went directly home. As she sat by the smouldering embers of a wood fire in her chamber, wrapped in her warm dressing-gown, she all but reproached herself for the happiness that Carroll Tracey's friendship brought her. He had come to say good bye, he was going to put the ocean between them but with souls so interlocked as theirs, she feared neither distance nor absence.

"Friendship of all ties most binds the heart," she said, musingly. "As long as we both live, so long will I have in him just the friend I have always wished for." She had drawn her reclining chair near the fire-place, after turning the light so low that everything in the chamber had but a dim, shadowy vagueness of outline. A bed of coals was glowing in the grey ashes on the hearth, and Agatha sat, or rather lay back in her easy chair, with her dainty little feet stretched out towards the warmth. Such a scene of complete happiness pervaded her being, that she could not conceive of greater. "How well we understand each other!" she thought. "When he looked into my eyes to-night, I felt as if he were looking down into my heart and reading there how entire and perfect is my trust in him. If I only could in some way be of use to him; if I could help him to be strong in these terrible days, when he knows that his wife's name is being bandied about in the mouths of every gossiping man and woman! How hard for a man, with a nature like his, to feel that he is an object of pity! How terrible! Yet his eyes are not half as sad as in those days at Seacliff, when he disclosed to me, little by little, what a dreary life his has been. I wonder if ever the time will come when he will forget his misery—when it will all pass away like a dream. I wonder what I can do to help him to forget it. Perhaps he will ask me to write to him. Could I—ought I to write to him? Why could I not? That would indeed be a poor friendship that could hesitate about bestowing such consolation as friendly letters bring. And what letters I could write to him! No matter how far he goes from me, he will always be with my friend. I have but to close my eyes to feel in memory the clinging tenderness of his touch, when he took my hand in his to-night. How inexplicable the sense of peace and happiness that I always feel when he is near me. It is wonderful, indeed! How sweet friendship is! how divine!" Musing thus, Agatha fell asleep in her chair; but even in her sleep her thoughts still dwelt upon her intense, devoted friendship. Carroll Tracey seemed to be walking over a quagmire, and she was hastening after him with a lamp in her hand, to light him on his way; but she was walking upon firm, dry ground. Once or twice he seemed to be sinking in quicksands, and then stretching out her hand to save, he would seize it, and almost drag her from her feet. At last they reached just such fair, flowery meadows as once before she had seen in her dreams, from which stretched upward verdure-clad mountains, the tops of which were lost in white fleecy clouds,—stars looking down upon her through them, peering out like angels' eyes. Then she lost sight of him, and of all else, excepting a glacier, that stretched out in an endless level road before her, over the rough, icy surface of which she was walking alone, with no one to support her steps, and not a vestige of life around her. So cold, so cheerless, so dreary, that she shuddered as she walked, feeling the cold of death upon her.

What bliss to awaken, and find that it was but a dream! There was nothing but grey ashes upon the hearth now; and Agatha really shivered with the cold as she nestled down in her bed, where, wearied as she was, she soon sank into a profound and dreamless slumber.

CHAPTER III.

CARROLL TRACEY FOLLOWS AGATHA TO SAY GOOD-BYE, BEFORE SAILING FOR EUROPE.—AGATHA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

If he loved her, it was something beyond love that he felt just then; and if she loved him it was something more than love that made her yield to the caress.—"*John Dorrein.*"

She had that day eaten, unawares, of a strange fruit—a fruit that sooner or later almost all lips must taste; though some perchance ere they savor it thoroughly are wizened with age—a fruit round whose first freshness clings ever a faint fragrance of forfeit paradise—a fruit that hangs on the lowermost boughs of the great knowledge tree, infinite and eternal.—*Hagerene.*"

It was still early in the day, too early for general visitors, when Carroll Tracey called at Mrs. Belcher's. Mrs. Belcher asked to be excused, and Agatha saw him alone. She was glad that it happened so, for she had a great deal that she wished to say to him.

After some common-place conversation, he said:

"Of course you know that Mildred and and I have separated, and that we are to have a divorce upon the ground of incompatibility of temper."

"I have heard a great deal. I know nothing; for Mildred has not written to me, nor did she come to see me when I was at home. I did hope when you saw her, and heard from her own lips all that she told me, that you would trust her for the future; and feel with me that she had suffered enough to atone for the dreadful wrong she did both you and herself in marrying you under the circumstances that she did."

He shook his head. "No, no. The Rubicon has passed, and I breathe freer than I have for years. You can have no conception of the life I led. I might as well been chained to a corpse since that night when my sister Agnes overheard his infamous propositions to my wife; and Mildred admitted that when she accepted me she had loved him passionately; for I see she has kept nothing back from you—that you know all."

"Yes, I know all. She told me everything; and, Mr. Tracey, do not forget how true a woman she proved herself to be in her answer to him. Remember that his conduct destroyed her love for him. Indeed, I think it is cruel in you to cast her off. Forgive me, that I speak so plainly; but I would not be the friend to you and to Mildred that I am, did I not say to you what I think."

"It would be far more cruel," he answered, "both to her and myself, were we to be still bound together in the eyes of the law, now that Harold Graham is free to marry her; for I do not believe she has ceased to love him. You know women are proverbially lenient to such men—to all men whom they love, in fact. It is the men whom they have never loved towards whom they are severe and unforgiving. Mildred will marry Graham before the year is out."

"But she cannot marry him; she cannot marry anyone; for, you know, Mr. Tracey, how explicit our Saviour's commands are upon divorce. Nothing short of infidelity divorces a woman from her husband, so as to leave her at liberty to marry again. Mildred never can marry while you live."

Carroll Tracey leaned forward, seizing Agatha by the hand. "For God's sake, don't say such foolish words! Tell me, you do not mean what you say?"

"But I do mean all that I say; I repeat it. No one, who is divorced as you and she are to be, ever ought to marry again, or ever can, without violating the law of God."

He almost threw her hand from him as he arose and paced the room; his brows knit, his face flushed, and his whole manner that of a man whose feelings were wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that he dare not trust himself to words.

Agatha looked at him with an utterly bewildered look. At last he approached her. "I shall not go to Europe," he said. "If those are your views, I shall stay at home to convert you. Forgive me for telling you so, but they are perfectly heathenish views to hold; perfectly heathenish. I came to tell you before long my separation from my wife will no longer be only a nominal one, but a legal one; and to ask you if you would write to me while I am abroad—answer my letters, I mean. But——"

Here Agatha interrupted him. "This is just what I hoped you would ask me. I will write to you every week if you wish it. Do not be angry with me for thinking as I do. You know our beliefs are a matter of conscience; and I cannot help feeling and believing that those who wish to be followers of Christ must obey all His commands, and not those that they wish to obey only."

"Good God! Agatha, you will drive me mad!" he answered, closing his eyes, and pressing the palms of both hands over his temples; the fingers of one hand crossing the other on his head.

Agatha's face was more than anguised at the sight of the unintelligible suffering she had caused.

"Why do you feel what I say so acutely?" she asked. "Possibly, Mildred may not think as I do about it; and you know what St. Paul says, 'As a man thinketh, so is it to him.' If she feels it to be no sin to her conscience it will be no sin; but I would sooner lay my right hand in the flames until it was burned to a cinder, than marry a man who was divorced for any other reason than that given by our Saviour as justifying one. But Mildred may not think as I do."

"Mildred! what do I care for Mildred?" he exclaimed; then checking himself added, "Yes, I do care for her, as a brother might care for a sister;" and as he spoke he resumed his seat near Agatha.

The pained, distressed look passed from her face as, looking into his eyes, she said, "Do you think, even if Mildred loves Mr. Graham still, that such a bad man could make her happy?"

"I cannot talk of Mildred now," he answered, stretching out his hand with the palm outward, as if he were pushing away the subject. "But, in justice to Graham, I will say that he is not a bad man *au fond*, only a weak one; and God only knows what man would be strong under some form of temptation. Goethe's maxim—'The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue,' may be true; but I would rather be without the virtue, than to be sorely pressed by the temptation."

"I cannot make the allowances you make for such a man; and I shall use all my influence with Mildred to prevent her from trusting her happiness with him, and I hope——"

"Here Mr. Tracey broke in:

"Don't speak of hope; you have destroyed all my hopes. Agatha, I did not come here to talk of Mildred. You never seem to think of yourself, but always of others. What has come between us that you no longer divine my thoughts before I clothe them with words? Why is it that to-day you seem as far from me as the north pole from the south, as far as any comprehension of my feelings goes? It did not use to be so, Agatha. Do you not remember the little poem 'Affinitat' that I left for you in the drawers where we kept our translations?"

The clouds that his first words evoked vanished from Agatha's brow, and her eyes beamed as she spoke.

"Did you write the poem? I thought that it might be some translation that you had forgotten. Was it really your own composition? and did you write it to me?" she asked, her face flushing, and a dangerous tenderness in her eyes.

How he longed to take her in his arms—at least, to call her his darling; but he restrained himself, and answered calmly, "I wrote it when the only ray of sunshine that broke through the night of my despair was that which dawned on me from your friendship. Since then, such hopes have been kindled in my heart, that were I to write you a poem now, it would be couched in very different language."

Agatha, who had scarcely dared to acknowledge to her own heart that she thought the poem might have been possibly addressed to herself, felt mingled emotions of pleasure and pain in learning that it was so; but pain soon predominated. Could it be possible? Had she not put a wrong construction on his looks and words? This man, whose friendship she had so trusted in! Was he already turning traitor to their friendship, and pleading for more than she wished to give him? Carroll Tracey! who was still the husband of her dearest friend! No, she would not give any room in her heart to such suspicions. But when he continued, "I came to tell you what those hopes are, and then to say good-bye to you, until I can claim their fulfilment; for, Agatha, I know we were made for each other," then she knew all, and the revulsion of feeling that came over her seemed to benumb her brain, and to fasten upon her heart with a dumb ache, as if a serpent's tooth were gnawing at it. Was this the end then, of her beautiful dream of friendship?

"It is agony for me to go from you," he continued; "a double agony, knowing what your views are in reference to marrying a divorced man. But I believe in destiny, and your fanaticism must give way before the strength of my passion for you. I will not offend you now by any words of love, knowing how you feel; but when I am gone, you will think of me with compassion, and 'pity is akin to love,' you know."

"Is there no such thing as friendship in the world?" exclaimed Agatha with vehemence. "No such thing as a love of the soul this side of heaven?"

He did not offer to take her hand now. He knew it would be useless, but he dropped down upon one knee beside her, and threw his arm around the back of the chair in which she was sitting. She made a movement as if to arise, and then he left his hand fall round her waist, holding her down, as he continued:

"You must listen to me. Think, it will be the last time for such long, weary

months—long, weary months to both of us. My soul reads yours, and knows that which you have not yet acknowledged to yourself, for it is my soul that loves you, Agatha; but as long as the soul is held by the body, so long will the senses share the love of the soul. I tell you, the love of my senses is but one drop in the ocean of my soul's love for you. You cannot separate them here; eternity alone can do that."

"Then I will wait for eternity," she answered, her face turned away from him, and one hand vainly seeking to loosen his tofrom the grasp in which he held her waist. A mouse might as well here tugged release itself from the steel trap that had caught it about its body, so firmly did he hold her. "I trusted you so entirely, and you have killed our friendship," she said, her head still turned away.

"I have but killed it, to make our love immortal," he answered, releasing his hold of her waist, and suffering his aggressive hand to rest for one passing second as tenderly and caressingly upon her as the soft calyx enfolds some swelling bud or blosson. Then he arose to go, and Agatha stood up to receive his farewell, feeling herself under the spell of his words and his touch. He stooped to kiss her gown, where it lay nearest her heart; he touched his lips to her hair, that fell in two long curls from her coronal braid; and she stood bewildered, like one roused from a sleep in the middle of a dream, the vividness of which causes it to remain as distinct as a reality. And then, at last, he took her two hands, and held them softly, but firmly, between his own. He said something about the uncertainties of their ever meeting again in this world and the certainty that they would, if separated here, find each other in another state of existence. Agatha never could recall with any distinctness what he said; for as he held her hands, she felt as if her very soul was escaping her—drawn out and absorbed by his own. There was a shadowy, dream-like memory of soft, warm lips pressed to her forehead, which seemed for the moment to have annihilated all other memories, and to have rounded and filled her life with a completion of bliss which she had never dreamed of before, and he had gone. Then, and not until then, did Agatha know her own heart, and acknowledge that it was in no wise, a calm, cold friendship that she felt for Carroll Tracey, but such love as a woman can give only once, be her lifetime ever so long.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Plotting for a Heart.

BY ROSA LANGLEY.

Mrs. Lenarde, and her daughter Belle were awaiting the arrival of a young girl about seventeen years of age, whose parents were residing in South America, and desirous that their child should finish her education in some Academy in North America, they decided to send her to a convent near New York, in which city her aunt, Mrs. Lenarde, resided, and where her vacations should be passed under her maternal care.

"Well, mother," said Belle, "I fear we will find Zoe Armstrong a half-savage, untaught, and poor me will have to bear the brunt of her blunders, besides suffering untold misery through her ignorance."

"I trust, daughter, cousin will prove a trifle better than her picture appears."

"But what will Herbert Hurst think and say of us, with a young Hottentot in our family?"

"The contrast between yoh two girls will be so great, he will regard you with more favor than ever before, so on that subject rest content."

"Do you think——"

But before the sentence was finished a carriage stopped at the gateway, and a young lady stepped out, and walked towards the house.

It was Zoe Armstrong, and in a moment more she was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Lenarde and Belle, the former of whom, on her raising her veil, could scarcely conceal her surprise and admiration.

Zoe Armstrong was really beautiful, of medium height, fine figure, and with long, thick ringlets of a chestnut hue, besides a pair of roguish dark eyes that spoke a language in themselves; she was also very graceful, and possessed a winning manner.

The following few weeks that passed, before the commencement of Zoe's school-days, were very pleasant, indeed, to her; everything was done to make her feel at home, and forget as much as possible the distance that separated her from her parents.

But with all their kindness Zoe did not feel at ease, and sometimes she secretly thought she would be glad when the convent doors would be opened to their new pupil.

The time soon arrived, however, and Zoe and Belle entered upon their scholastic duties as companions and cousins.

* * * * *

"Let us be friends, Bella," said Zoe one morning, during the Christmas holidays, when her cousin had appeared unusually ill-natured, because, the night before, Herbert Hurst had danced more with Zoe than herself.

Belle looked at her.

"Indeed I did not think you would be angry if I danced with Herbert," she continued.

"Angry!" returned Belle, haughtily; "indeed, on the contrary, he danced with you at *my* request, and because you were a stranger to so many who were there."

"Well, then," replied Zoe, "as such, please forgive and forget the affair, and now let me offer a kiss of peace."

Thus the matter ended.

The weeks glided by on the axle of Time, bringing with it both sunshine and storm, like the bright and dark shadows of the days in Zoe Armstrong's young life, and nearly twelve months had now passed since her entrance into Mrs. Lenarde's home.

The summer vacations were fast approaching, and most busy were the schoolgirls with their books, pens and pencils, anxious to excel one another in the final exercises that should award the prize for each study.

The last day dawned. The morning was beautiful, the class-rooms and desks were closed for three months to come; busy feet pattered through the corridors, and all was a chaos of delightful confusion, as Belle Lenarde parted the curtains around Zoe's bed, and found her looking flushed, and in delirium.

It was the same old story of an overtaxed mind; and Zoe Armstrong was confined to her bed, and left to the mercy of the good nuns, who gave her every attention of a mother.

"Sister Agnes, how long have I been here?" asked Zoe one morning, while the kind nun was tendering her one of her many services.

"Well, dear, it is just five weeks to-day, and you have suffered much during your illness, so do not worry lest you have a relapse."

"Has auntie or Belle been here, or—anyone else during that time, sister?"

"Your aunt called about a week ago, and will take you to her home as soon as you can be moved. Your cousin Belle is soon to be married, she said, and is quite busy with extensive preparations, and you are to be bridesmaid, so hurry and get strong."

"I wonder who she is to marry?" thought Zoe; "perhaps Herbert Hurst is the one," and her poor heart fluttered painfully as if anxious to get away.

* * * * *

It was another of those beautiful, happy days in the latter part of August, just one year since Zoe arrived at Mrs. Lenarde's, and all nature seemed smiling, that a carriage drew close to the curbstone and stopped, and a passenger emerged therefrom.

This time it was not the girlish face, with red cheeks and roguish dark eyes—but the shadow of the same—a woman in every sense of the word, and if Zoe Armstrong had been pronounced beautiful before, she certainly was exquisitely lovely now.

She was warmly welcomed by her aunt and cousin, but even that short ride from the convent was so great a tax upon her strength that for nearly a week she was unable to leave her room.

During that time Herbert Hurst called at the house frequently, but, as his name had never been mentioned by either Belle or her mother, Zoe likewise made no inquiries regarding him.

One evening Zoe sat in her room alone, Belle and her mother having not yet returned from a visit.

She thought she would go down to the library, hoping to find some book with which to pass away the few lonely hours before she should retire.

She must have been there for some time when she heard a noise, as if some person was entering the house, and in hastening quiety to make her escape, she found herself face to face with Herbert Hurst.

"Oh, Zoe, how delighted and surprised I am to see you again; and to meet by chance makes it doubly sweet, you know."

"Good evening, Mr. Hurst. I would like to pass, if you please."

"Have I offended you, Miss Armstrong? Pray pardon me if I have been too demonstrative, but it was difficult to restrain my great joy at seeing you to-night. Why do you look so cold?"

"Mr. Hurst, I beg you to stand aside, and allow me to pass."

"Zoe, you are laboring under some mistake. I have grown weary with time waiting for some favorable opportunity when I might tell you plainly and sincerely that I love you devotedly, and I ask you now to become my wife."

Thus speaking, Herbert Hurst leaned against the door, and his form quivered with the mighty effort he made to control himself, while he continued:

"Do not trifle with my heart, Zoe, but since you accepted my little offerings that I have sent you almost every day, and although you did not reply to my short *billet doux* you have lured me on, perhaps unthinkingly, to in the end hit me such a hard blow."

"Believe me, Herbert, since the day I found myself sick at the convent, until this morning your name has never been mentioned to me by either aunt or cousin—not even have I received from you the kind remembrance due a friend, especially in sickness; but learning you were soon to marry Belle, I concluded that you felt for one short month, at least, relieved from any attention towards others, especially when prompted only through politeness."

"Zoe, we have both been greatly deceived in Mrs. Lenarde and her daughter, and we have both been the victims of a plot; now I cannot say more, as I returned on an errand from Miss Belle; to-morrow I will call upon you. Good-bye, Zoe. May God bless you."

And thus they parted, Herbert Hurst thoroughly aroused against Mrs. Lenarde and Belle.

Zoe Armstrong returned to her room, and retired, but not to sleep; for, like Cinderella, her chance interview with Herbert was equal to a visit from the good Fairy, while visions of a bright future danced through her mind.

The next morning Zoe arose almost with the lark, dressed herself neatly, and entered the dining-room, where Mrs. Lenarde and Belle were enjoying a tempting breakfast, which briefly terminated at sight of her, so great was their astonishment as they gazed upon her.

"Good-morning aunt and cousin; feeling much better this lovely day, I determined to turn over a new leaf, and take breakfast with you; besides my stay at your house will soon finish, as I sail for home within two weeks."

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon Mrs. Lenarde's ears; but the reserve fire was even more severe, when she was advised of the contents of a note which a servant shortly after handed to her niece.

"Aunt, Mr. Hurst desires to give me a drive in the park, with your permission, of course; can I go?"

"No, miss, you cannot, and I would like to know what trick you have been playing to inveigle Mr. Hurst into *your* good graces; also how dare *he* insult Belle by this attention towards you, when he is certainly expected to marry my daughter."

Then the two women began pouring a storm of abuse upon poor Zoe, which only ended when they were confronted by a fine-looking elderly gentleman, who stood gazing upon them with a mingled expression of astonishment and regret, while, with one bound of delight Zoe cried:

"Father, save me!" and throwing herself into his welcoming arms, she gave vent to her feelings, while she continued: "Believe me, father, I am not as wicked as they say I am."

"Calm yourself, my daughter. I have heard the entire conversation from the verandah, and I rejoice to have your aunt and cousin's true natures unmasked. I have come to take you home with me."

While Mr. Armstrong and Zoe were still talking, the tramp of horse's hoofs were heard on the avenue, and turning around, they were surprised to see Herbert nearing the house.

In a moment he had entered, and was introduced by Zoe to her father. The meeting was mutually agreeable, for frequently had Zoe spoken to him of her parents, and in her letters to them sang the praises of her heart's idol.

Both Mrs. Lenarde and Belle felt so confused and mortified that even now they could hardly contain their wrath.

During Zoe's absence in her room preparing her trunk for departure, Herbert Hurst took the opportunity to ask Mr. Armstrong's consent to a union with his daughter.

Mr. Armstrong also discovered why Mrs. Lenarde had willingly become Zoe's guardian. It was to gain a share of her wealth, in case of her father's sudden death, and had not her cruel plot been found out in time, Zoe, through a wicked aunt's intrigue, might have been cast upon the world comparatively poor and homeless.

Zoe also learned of Mr. Hurst's kind visits to her during her illness, and of the flowers and delicacies which he had sent her from time to time.

Perhaps it is useless to add that Zoe Armstrong and Herbert Hurst were soon after married, and while they enjoyed the comforts of their cosy city home, Belle Lenarde remained an old maid, fretting away a soured and embittered life.

MR. BELLAIR'S WIDOW.

BY E. T. O'N.

"You know," said the widow, in a voice, smothered with sobs, "the misfortune"—here she applied a delicate cambric handkerchief to her eyes—"the loss"—she could get no further.

Her visitor bowed, with an air of respectful condolence.

"I wish," continued the widow—"I wish to erect a monument to the memory of my poor husband. I have chosen you to execute the order." She had become somewhat calmer.

The sculptor bowed again.

"I wish this monument to be superb—worthy of the dear companion whom I have lost; proportioned to my——" She was getting hysterical. Her visitor handed her a bottle of salts that stood convenient on the little worktable.

The widow resumed. "Spare no expense, I would willingly consecrate my whole fortune to honor his memory."

A pause, which the sculptor hesitated to break.

"I should like," said the widow again, coming to the point, "a temple, with marble columns, and in the middle, upon a pedestal, his statue." Here she swallowed a sob.

"I shall do my best to fulfill your wishes, ma'm," replied the man of art. "I had not, however, the honor of personally knowing the late Mr. Bellair, and his likeness is indispensable to the completion of the design. Doubtless you have a portrait of him."

The widow raised her rounded arm, and pointed to a magnificent portrait, by one of our first artists.

"An admirable painting!" said the visitor. "I need not ask you if the resemblance be striking."

"It is himself! Life is all that is needed. Ah! if I could have given mine for his!" The handkerchief was again in requisition.

"I will send for the portrait, ma'am, and I guarantee that the likeness shall be exact."

"Send for the portrait!" cried the widow, with a stifled shriek; "take from me my only consolation, my only happiness! Never!"

"But, ma'am, it will only be for a little while."

"A little while! An age! How could I live without this dear image! It quits me neither day nor night; I contemplate it without ceasing, through my tears. It will never be removed out of this room, where I shall pass the remainder of a miserable existence!"

The widow had worked herself up to such a pitch of feeling, that the sculptor rose to ring the bell for assistance. But she laid a white hand upon his coatsleeve, and he sat down again.

"Then you will allow me, ma'am to come here to take a copy of it. Be not alarmed; I shall not long invade your solitude. A single sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement, and requested the sculptor to commence the next day. But he had a previous order to execute. She would have levelled the difficulty with gold; but he stood firm.

"My word is pledged," he said: "do not, however, be troubled about the delay. I will work so diligently that the monument shall be finished within the time that another artist would have requested for consideration."

"You have been a witness of my sorrow," were the widow's parting words; "you may imagine my impatience to see the work completed. Make your best haste; spare no expense, and let me have a masterpiece."

He had afterwards several letters, respecting these injunctions.

At the end of three months the sculptor returned. He found the widow still in the deepest mourning, but her cheek was less pale, and there was a slight tinge of coquetry in the arrangement of her weeds.

"Now, ma'am," said the visitor, "I am at your disposal."

"Ah! well, I am glad to hear it," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have sketched the statue, and shall only need one sitting to transfer the resemblance. Permit me to enter your boudoir."

"And wherefore?" inquired the widow, with an air of surprise.

"To see the portrait."

"Oh! will you walk into the drawing-room? It is there that you will find it now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; there is a much better light than in the boudoir, where you first saw it."

"Would you like to look at the sketch of the monument, ma'am?"

"Willingly. How grand! What exquisite ornaments! Why, it is a palace, this tomb!" exclaimed the widow.

"You told me, ma'am, that it could not be too magnificent. I have spared no expense; and here is an estimate of what the monument will cost you."

"Dear me!" cried the widow, after having glanced at the sum total. "It is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare nothing——"

"Certainly: I wish to do the thing handsomely. Still we ought to be rational."

"Well, this is only the first sketch; there is yet time to alter your intentions."

"Very good. Suppose, then, we suppress the temple, the columns—all the architecture, in short—and content ourselves with the statue? I was too ambitious; it will be sufficient."

"You shall be obeyed."

"It is decided, then. Nothing but the statue."

A short time after this second visit, the sculptor fell dangerously ill. He was obliged to suspend his labors; and, having followed the recommendation of his physician, and made a tour on the Continent, he presented himself anew before the widow, who was now in the tenth month of her bereavement. This time, there were some roses among the cypress; the weeds were fast disappearing. The artist brought with him a little plaster model of his statue, which promised to be a masterpiece.

"What do you think of the resemblance?" he said to the widow.

She gazed upon it for a moment, and then carelessly replied:

"Is it not a little flattered? My poor husband was tolerably good-looking; but you make him actually handsome!"

"Indeed! Well, I will rectify my work by the portrait."

"It is scarcely worth your while," observed the widow. "A little more, or a little less resemblance, what does it signify?"

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I plume myself upon exactness."

"If you really wish to take the trouble——"

"The portrait is in the drawing room, is it not? I will go there."

"It is not there now," replied the widow ringing the bell. "Robert," continued she, addressing the servant who answered her summons, "bring down the portrait of your late master."

"The one that was taken up into the garret last week, ma'am?"

"Yes, the same."

Just then the door opened, and an elegant young gentleman presented himself with a jaunty air, kissed the lady's hand, and inquired after her health, with the most gallant solicitude.

"What is this little plaster man?" asked he, pointing to the *statuette*, which the artist had placed upon the chimney-piece.

"It is the model of the statue for the tomb of my late husband."

"You intend to erect a statue to his memory? Upon my word, that is very magnificent!"

"You think so?"

"Great men are sculptured at full length in marble; but it appears to me—pardon my frankness—that the late Mr. Bellair was a very ordinary man. In fact, his bust would suffice."

"As you please, ma'am," said the sculptor, turning to the lady.

"Then we will decide upon the bust," said she, bowing him out.

Two months later the bust arrived, just as a gay procession descended the hall-steps, and got into the carriages that waited their approach. The widow was on her way to the altar, with the elegant dandy who had caused the suppression of her husband's statue, there to take upon herself a second vow of conjugal fidelity.

Scandal adds, that the bust itself would willingly have been returned; and the newly-married couple considered the sculptor's demand enormous; and that it was only with considerable difficulty, and after a threat of further proceedings, that he was at length reimbursed for the time and trouble spent upon the "widow's whim."

My First And Only Love.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

It has often been a matter of wonder to me why I loved Elwyn Ashton as I did. He was twelve years my senior, and I only eighteen; yet I loved him.

I remember well how gloriously the sun shone on that summer afternoon when we stood together on the lawn waiting for the carriage to arrive that should bring Aunt Eleanor to spend some weeks at our house. I so proud of him, so happy at the prospect of seeing Aunt Eleanor's admiration for my noble darling, so shy at his admiration for myself, so hopeful that they would like each other and be friends.

"For she is very beautiful, Elwyn," I said, "and only ten years older than I am."

I can see now the quiet laugh in his dark eyes, and the playful curve of the lips, as of one humoring a petted child—a strange wife I should have been for him, after all. And there was a sound of wheels, and, drawing my arm in his, he led me to the front entrance to welcome my aunt.

I do not clearly remember when that first feeling of jealousy stole into my mind. I think I scarcely understood it when first it did come. He had never changed to me; I was ever uppermost in his thoughts; all his most graceful attentions were mine; yet I saw plainly that he found in her a companionship I was far from being able to give, for I was only a darling plaything, a beloved and petted child.

One evening I noted well how bright and animated she was, and the admiring look that kept deepening in his eyes, and the increased interest of voice and manner as the conversation progressed, until gradually the hand I held became unconscious of mine, and, when I loosened my hold, slipped away to extend itself for greater emphasis towards her. And then I rose, pale and heart-sick, to say good-night.

"We have not had our usual talk to-night, Birdie?" he said.

"No," I answered laconically.

"It is too late now," looking at his watch.

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" asked my aunt; "Are you unwell?"

"No," again.

Then she laughed, low and melodiously. "You had better go to bed, child."

Child! Suddenly, and with a quick, sharp pain, as if one struck by lightning, I felt all that her words were intended to convey to him—to him, though, not to me—and as suddenly the child became a woman.

"Walk down the avenue with me, once—only once, Elwyn," I said; "my head aches."

With his old caressing touch, he adjusted my shawl; then hesitated a moment, and said, half reluctantly, "Will you? Shall I?"

I knew what he meant, and turned with all the dignity I could assume.

"Aunt Eleanor, if you wish to come, too, you may."

"I may, may I?" she answered petulably. "Thanks! But, if it's all the same to you, I prefer not."

"Elwyn," I said, when we were out of her hearing—for I felt I must mention the subject or die, almost—"Elwyn, my aunt has been here more than a month now—how do you like her?"

"She is charming," he said, honestly; "charming."

"Ah, I said: "so they all say, sooner or later."

"*They?*" he asked: "who are *they?*"

"Men."

He laughed, and drew my arm through his, and we finished the walk in silence. Then, when we had reached the front door, and I held up my lips for the usual kiss, he said, "She is very charming, but my baby is worth ten of her."

"Oh!" I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, and clinging to him with passionate pain and sorrow, "do not say so. I am a woman now—a woman, Elwyn; do not call me *that* any more!"

"Well, I will not, if it hurts you."

And he took my face between his two hands, and bent over me with his own bright smile. But breaking from him, I ran upstairs, and shut myself in my room.

What could I do? Nothing. I felt that he was daily, hourly, being drawn away from me, and my weak power could avail nothing against the more subtle will of that older and far superior woman of the world. My mother—ah, but not even to her could I complain of Elwyn. And so the days went on.

One afternoon, in the early autumn, I went down to the shore alone, sitting listless and idle, though wearily. At last, voices disturbed me, voices that I knew only too well—his and hers—and I staid to listen. They grew quieter as they approached and finally seated themselves on the other side of the boat-house from where I sat, and kept silence. A few moments, and her voice broke the pause.

"Elwyn!" it said.

I knew by the sudden start and quick breathing that he had turned towards her, but he said no word. I stifled my own loud gasps, and leaned forward to hear more.

"Elwyn!" And now the tone was changed. It was as if the words were forced, wrung from her. "Have pity—I love you!"

"Gracious heaven!" I knew he had started to his feet. "You tell me this? You?"

"I do!" she answered, tremulously; "and more—*you love me!*"

I heard him groan, and knew by instinct that his hands were stretched towards as though to defend her from her own words.

"You love me," she continued, more calmly, "and I love you. I have waited for you to speak, but you would not; so I have done it. You may imagine, if you will, what it costs a woman to make such a confession unsolicited. Do you blame me, Elwyn?"

"Blame?" he said, "my beautiful! my dearest! And yet——Oh, the traitor, the miserable traitor you have made of me, Eleanor!"

"It is because I love you. Forgive me, if too well, Elwyn."

"*She* loves me, too," he said.

"That child!" she answered, with a touch of sarcasm. "Her heart is too young and untried for any deep impression. Oh, Elwyn, what is her love to mine? She is a pretty toy—a plaything. Will you weigh her in the balance against me?"

"Eleanor," he pleaded, "have mercy! Take my life, as you have my love, but leave me, at least, a little self-respect. We are strong in our love, and can bear more than she can. Do not be cruel in your power."

"What do you want to do?" she asked.

"To be true to her," he said, bitterly, yet, oh, how firmly! "I wish her never to know that it is to a traitor her pure faith has been given. For I will marry her and cherish her as though you and I had never met. So help me, heaven!"

"And what is to become of me?"

"Have mercy! Why did you ever come between us?"

"You say you love me. I ask, what is to became of me? *You say you love me,* Elwyn!"

"Ay, better than my own truth and honor!"

Oh, how changed and broken his voice sounded!

I waited to hear no more. My resolve was taken. His pride was humbled to the dust—trampled beneath the feet of his great passion. He should never knowingly make me witness of his humiliation. This much I could and would do for him.

That evening I asked him to walk down the avenue with me, for the last time, and then I said, "Elwyn, this must end between us. I will not marry you."

It was a strange start he gave—a strange look, almost of joy, that flashed over his face, only to be gone again. And then I gained strength to tell the falsehood that was to set him free.

"I do not love you, Elwyn."

It is needless to repeat his hurried words of question and confused remonstrance. But I saw that he believed my love was gone from him, and therein I could be thankful.

A short month, and they were married. I never saw them again.

But long after they told me he was dead, and that she was about to wed another husband; and they gave me the little packet of hair that he had addressed with his own hand to his "First and latest love."

His first and latest, for ever.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CARRIAGE WITHOUT HORSES.—Such a one was advertised in 1790, in London, and stated to have only one wheel. The curious in mechanics were invited to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended, and in the ardor of expectation, were shown a *wheelbarrow.*

LOSS OF SLEEP.—It has been found that a strong man, deprived of sleep, will die in nineteen days. The experiment was not long since tried in China, where a noted robber was condemned "to be killed by constant wakefulness." He was kept awake constantly, and died at the end of nineteen days, his suffering for the last few days being excruciating beyond description.

A KING'S LIBRARIES.—Frederick the Great has five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same order; one at Potsdam, a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth, at Charlottenburgh, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he chose to read.

A PRETTY CUSTOM.—One of the prettiest of Christmas customs, is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas Day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning, every gable, gateway, and barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a long pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

A REFUGE FOR CATS.—Among the curious old institutions still extant in Florence, Italy, is a house of refuge for cats. It is a cloister situated on the side side of the church of San Lorenzo. When you wish to get rid of one of these interesting quadrupeds, instead of killing it, you send it to that interesting establishment. On the other hand, when you want a feline companion, you have only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoise shell, blacks, whites, greys, and every other color usual to the race of cats. There will be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding in youth—Angoras as well as the common species; in short, every variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

SHOES.—The present style of shoes was adopted in the early part of the seventeeth century; and towards the close of the period the shoe-buckle began to be used. So popular did the buckle become, that its manufacture employed a number of large factories and several thousand operatives. Towards the beginning of the present century it commenced to decline in popularity; and the Prince Regent sought to keep up the custom by wearing buckles for the sake of the buckle-makers, whom he wished to save from the ruin which the cessation of their business finally brought upon them. His efforts were unavailing, however, and the shoe of the present day came into use; the changes of fashion confining themselves principally to round and square toes.

A CHINESE DISH.—A traveller in China says: When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sport sprightly of the crabs were soon checked, by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe that made me relinquish my hold.

NEWS of INTEREST

Princeton has made Gen Sherman an L. L. D.

Bismarck has the finest champagnes, but prefers lager beer.

Nearly two billion cigars were smoked in this country last year.

During thunder storms the shelter of trees is anything but safe.

The first piano in the United States was made in Philadelphia in 1775.

The voracious grasshopper is devastating the States of Central America.

A balloon to carry fifty people is being built for the Paris Exhibition.

A roller skating rink is the fashionable resort of Atlantic City denizens.

For sleeplessness carriage exercise is good, walking better, horseback best.

Persons wearing dark clothes are much more liable to sunstroke than others.

The finest building in Iceland is the capital jail, which has never had a prisoner.

Among the mechanical toys at the Paris Exhibition are dolls that dive, swim and tread water.

A physician says that many women are becoming crooked shouldered by holding up long trains.

Houses with tin roofs are not as apt to be struck by lightning as those covered with wooden ones.

A signal service for predicting grasshopper waves along the Mediterranean is to be established.

Newspapers are used in many public schools of the West, instead of books, for reading lessons.

The Earl of Beaconsfield is still dandy enough to be particular about the fit of his lavender kid gloves.

Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, the butter sculptor, has gone to Europe, where she expects to create a furore.

The leading hotels at Saratoga have orchestral music three times a day—morning, afternoon and evening.

Doctor Tuke says that one in every three hundred of the population in England is either insane or idiotic.

The Crown Princess of Denmark should be spoken of as Her Highness; she stands six feet two inches in her slippers.

Gas from a cargo of decomposed fruit killed two sailors who descended into the lower hold of the vessel, at Quebec.

There is no one in the jail in Indiana county, Pa., and times are so hard, that the sheriff has discharged all his deputies.

Polly Goodale, of Poquonnoc, Conn., one hundred and three years old, went to a picnic on the Fourth, and seemed to enjoy it hugely.

In Massachusetts large numbers of birds are found dead in potato fields, killed by Paris green scattered for the destruction of potato bugs.

General Lee's tomb at Lexington, Va., is no longer guarded night and day by the cadets, as the fear of its desecration is not now entertained.

Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu, the celebrated African traveller, is at present exploring the wilds of Sheepshead Bay and Coney Island, N. Y.

Hippophagy is becoming decidedly popular in Vienna, where 2,000 horses were slaughtered for food during the first five months of this year.

The German Emperor keeps a diary of everything he shoots. In 1816 his gun was discharged by accident, and he entered, "Forefinger right hand."

Two prominent Albany physicians are wearing shoes made from the skin of Sam Steenburg, the negro murderer, who was recently hanged at Fonda, N. Y.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." At Higganum, Conn., a loving couple, after being divorced twice, have just celebrated their third nuptials.

At Binghamton, N. Y., the other day, a wife found a letter in her husband's old clothes given him to mail eleven years ago, the non-receipt of which has estranged two families ever since.

Princess Alexandria, the future princess of England, is studying upon the zither, which for this, among many reasons, promises to be the fashionable musical instrument. The father of the Empress of Austria used to be the best zither player in Europe.

The latest theory for the insanity of the Empress Carlotta, is that she was poisoned while in Mexico where there is an herb called *el Palo de Leche*, which, if mixed with food and eaten, produces softening of the brain. It is asserted in Mexico that this herb was administered to the Empress by a Mexican lady in whom she reposed entire confidence, and on whom she lavished numerous favors.

A Few Baptisms

of the complexion with LAIRD'S BLOOD OF YOUTH relieve it of sallowness, roughness, pimples, excoriations, and every other superficial defect. Satin is not more lustrous, nor the plumage of the swan softer than the skin that has experienced the action of this incomparable preparation, which, being prepared from materials that cannot possibly injure, but on the contrary are highly beneficial, may be used without apprehension.

THIS DAY LAST YEAR.

BY L. B.

This day last year—was not the same thrush singing?
We stayed our talk, and hushed our breath to hear;
The bird's note quivered through our silent rapture,
And broke upon our hearts—this day last year!

Silent we watched the self-same shadows deepen
'Neath the young leaves that caught the straying light;
Each bud, each blossom brought its tithe of gladness,
Even the happy tears that blurred my sight!

Mutely we breathed the language of hands clasping;
No need for murmured vows or low replies;
Each sun-flecked leaf, each sudden shadow passing,
Cast some vague memory to our dreaming eyes.

To day, I crave no thought of vanished sweetness,
I do not ask for my lost love again;
Only that some one throb of wakened yearning
May thrill the numbness of my heart to pain.

I strain my ear. The song has lost its secret
May heart stirs not; my weary eyes are dry.
I pray for tears, where once I dreamt but gladness:
Has life—has death itself—a sadder cry?

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Beatrix had never looked more queenly than she did now, when she humiliated herself by this candid owning of her faults and her love. She was never more sovereign than when she sought refuge under the weakness that crowns a woman. She went on—

"Having found from my own heart that I love you, I shall be quite true, quite faithful to my love until death. Nothing will change or alter it. I shall not mind what I suffer, although I do not see how I can suffer; and you will displease me, Beltran, if you say again that your love is selfish. Dear, it has made my life blessed—is not that enough?"

"You are a noble woman, Beatrix. Forgive me if I cannot help feeling a little anxious; you are so rich, my darling, while I——"

"You are my king," she said, with a charming smile, "and I would not care more for you if you had the wealth of the world in your hands. If our cases were reversed, and you were heir to a great fortune, would that prevent you from seeking me?"

"My dearest Beatrix, the only use I could see for money would be to lay it at your feet."

They heard the sound of footsteps; but no one disturbed them.

"Mamma has gone to her room," said Beatrix; "that means that she is tired, and does not wish to be disturbed."

"I must leave you then," returned Beltran; "but I do not know how to tear myself away. You do not think that I shall wake up, Beatrix, and find it all a dream?"

"I am sure you will not."

"Your uncle must be told at once," said Beltran. "When would you advise me to see him?"

"To-morrow morning," she replied, "before luncheon."

"He will be angry with us, I know," said Beltran, "and I am sorry for it. I like your uncle, Beatrix, without knowing why."

"So much the better," she told him. "And I love my uncle very dearly. He is a sterling noble man. Beltran, you must go, or I shall never be dressed for dinner."

Hardly knowing whether he was dreaming or awake, Beltran Carew left Strathnarn house. Beatrix went to her room, her heart full of her new-found happiness.

"It is the very wine of life," she said to herself, "this love that I despised."

One of the first things she did was to write to the Duke; and her letter was very much to the point.

"I told you from the first," she said, "that I did not love you. You begged of me to try to do so. I did try and failed. Then you asked me to try again, and, much against my wish, you persisted in declaring yourself a suitor for my hand. It was understood between us that I was quite free, and that, if I found myself unable to love you, I was to tell you so. That time has come. I have asked you often to withdraw from pretensions that distressed me. Now I deal quite fairly and honestly with you, and tell you most frankly that I have met one whom I do love. I esteem you and respect you, and shall always be most happy to call you my friend."

The letter concluded with expressions of goodwill and continued interest. Beatrix felt light of heart when she had written it. If he would but have believed her when she had spoken before.

Then she dressed for dinner, feeling as though she moved on air, so unutterably happy was she.

Lady Lennox looked up in wonder at the beautiful, radiant vision that seemed to float into her room—Beatrix, in her sweeping dress of white silk, with roses in her hair, her bright face flushed with a glow of happiness that was new to it, her eyes bright with the sweet story of her love.

"Trixie, my darling," said the gentle mother, "how well you look!"

The girl went up to her; she knelt by her side, and clasped her warm arms round her neck.

"Kiss me, mamma," she said, "for I am the happiest Beatrix in all the world—indeed I feel that there is no other creature so happy as I am."

The love shining in her eyes and flushing the sweet proud face made her so beautiful that Lady Lennox was struck with her.

"I have something to tell you, mamma," she said shyly, "but you must keep it a secret until to-morrow—something that is most wonderful. Can you not guess?" And with the shyness of a child she hid her face on her mother's neck.

"I cannot guess—unless the Duke——"

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "do not talk about the Duke, please! That is all at an end. I want to tell you why I am so happy. Beltran Carew loves me, and has asked me to be his wife."

She was silent for a moment—the sound of the words as she herself had uttered them filled her whole mind with inexpressible joy. Lady Lennox did not stir or speak.

"I laughed at love so long, mamma, and now no one loves more deeply than I do," said the sweet voice.

But Lady Lennox looked very grave. It was not in human nature to hear such words and see such a face as Beatrix's without some emotion. She unclasped her daughter's arms from her neck, and gazed half sadly at her.

"Do you love him so very much, darling? Is it such very good news?"

"The best I could bring you, mamma; nothing could be better," she said, "no one could imagine anything better."

"My dear Trixie, it is a very serious matter. What about the Duke? First of all tell me about him."

"There is nothing to tell, mamma. I have always been quite open and frank about him. I have never loved him, and have never encouraged him He would not take my answer, which was always 'No.' He persisted in saying that if I would try—if I would try—in time I should love him; it required time. I am not to blame, mamma."

"But, Trixie, think of the position, my dear. It is such a splendid match to break off, such a brilliant future to mar and spoil. I am quite frightened at what the world will say."

"Am I to marry to please myself or the world?" she asked.

"Yourself, of course, Trixie; but consider the proposed match. You are very beautiful, and you will have a large fortune—Mr. Carew has only his profession."

"I should not mind, mamma, if he had even less than that," she said proudly; "one does not measure such a man by his wealth. Oh, mamma dear, be kind to me! Do not talk about money Think how I love him—how he loves me. What is money? Tell me that you like him—that you are pleased—that you will be our friend."

Lady Lennox was quite roused now.

"I do like him," she replied. "He is handsome, generous, noble—he is all that a man should be; but I cannot say that I am pleased you are going to marry him. Trixie, with your beauty you ought to do much better. Your uncle will be bitterly annoyed."

Beatrix rose from her knees.

"I am sorry you are not pleased about it, mamma," she said. "It will not matter though: death itself would not change me."

"I am exceedingly sorry for the Duke," remarked Lady Lennox; "he has been so patient, so devoted."

"He has been all that," said Beatrix frankly—"I do not deny it, mamma; but he has also been almost cruelly persistent. I have written to him and told him all."

Lady Lennox uttered a little cry of dismay.

"You have done that already?" she cried. "Oh, Trixie, you should have waited—you should indeed—until you had heard what your uncle had to say!"

"My dear mamma, that would have made no difference," said "Prince Charlie's" daughter, with such lofty serene calmness and pride that Lady Lennox's heart sank in dismay.

"I am quite sure harm will come of it, Trixie," she declared. "I am frightened."

Beatrix kissed her with the same air of protection that she would have showed to a child.

"You are nervous, mamma; it will be all right. Uncle never refuses me anything on which my heart is fixed. Do not think about it. Only kiss me and say that you hope I shall be happy."

Lady Lennox kissed her.

"I hope so, my darling—you look happy enough. But what will the world say? Oh, Trixie, it is plain I have brought you up very badly, since you do not discern the difference, socially, between a Peer and a barrister."

She laughed so merrily that Lady Lennox was obliged to smile.

"I do discern the difference," she replied; "and it shows how well you have trained me that I have had the wit and good sense to choose the barrister. Most girls would have been dazzled by the Peer."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Peter Lennox sat in his study. Breakfast was over; his letters were answered, his business affairs finished. He sat musing with great delight on the wedding that was never to be. He had wondered a little, for, when breakfast was over, Beatrix had laid her hands on his shoulder, and said, with a charming smile—

"Uncle, if some one comes to see you this morning, and has something to say about me, you will be very kind, will you not?"

He had not the remotest idea of her meaning; he fancied that she must be speaking of a jeweller or a milliner.

"What am I to say, Trixie?" he asked.

"You must say 'Yes.' Bear that in mind. All the time that my friend is talking to you say to yourself over and over again, 'I have to say Yes.'"

Peter Lennox laughed.

"You are a terrible coax, Trixie," he replied. "We shall see what the 'Yes' involves;" and he went to his study, wondering what she could mean. There he employed himself busily.

He was about to leave the room to go for his morning's walk, when Beltran Carew was announced.

It did not occur to him at first that this was the friend to whom Beatrix had alluded. He was pleased to see him; there was something that attracted him in the handsome face—he could not tell what. A host of memories seemed to hover round the young man, yet what those memories were he could not say. He liked to look at and listen to him, and he had put himself to some trouble to procure business for him. He spoke highly of him to every one; he tried to do as much as he possibly could for him. He now asked him to sit down, and expressed how gratified he was to see him, and they talked for some minutes on matters in general; then Beltran said—

"I am come on a very important errand, Mr. Lennox."

In a moment it occurred to Peter Lennox that this was Beatrix's "friend," and that he had to say "Yes." He looked up in dismay. What could Beltran have to say about his niece? He listened intently.

"I hope you will not think me presumptuous. I only wish that I were king of a great kingdom that I might prove to you the disinterestedness of my affection. I love Miss Lennox—I cannot tell you how deeply and dearly. I ask your permission to make her my wife."

At first he listened in blank dismay, and then his face grew pale with anger.

"I distinctly refuse my permission, sir," he answered. "My niece must marry the Duke of Heathland."

"But," said Beltran, "your niece does not love the Duke, sir. She loves me."

"It is not a question of sentiment," declared Peter Lennox. "Love is a toy for boys and girls; my niece must marry for the welfare of her house, for the prosperity and well-being of her race. She must marry as the ladies of her house have done before her—and in that case she cannot marry you."

"Miss Lennox loves me, sir," he said; and despite his anger Peter Lennox's heart warmed to him, he looked so handsome.

"It is a girl's fancy," rejoined Peter Lennox grimly, "that will die before stern realities."

"I think not," said Beltran. "Miss Lennox is not a girl who is easily influenced. She is firm—a true Lennox, sir. I hope you will not harden your heart against us. I know that I am what the world would call a poor match; but I love her so dearly, sir—I do indeed—I would give my very life for her. She is heart of my heart, life of my life, soul of my soul." His lips quivered, and a mist of tears rose in his blue eyes. "I will work hard for her, sir," he went on. "I will surround her with luxuries—indeed she shall miss nothing that she has had here."

There came no answer, but Peter Lennox's grim face grew sterner as he listened.

"You know, sir, youth weds love and happiness. Wealth and title and great riches cannot satisfy a human heart; it needs more. I will work as no man has ever worked before, if you will give her to me."

There was still no answer; the gallant heart grew less hopeful.

"I can make her happy, sir, because of my great love. She shall never know a moment's sadness or a moment's care if you will say that she may be mine," he pleaded.

Peter Lennox rose from his chair and looked at him gravely.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that it cannot be—that I cannot consent. You plead well, but you plead in vain. You cannot marry my niece. I refuse most distinctly. I decline to listen to your proposition. I like you; personally I have not the least objection to you. You are a noble-hearted man. If I had two nieces, I would give you one. As I have but one, she must marry for the benefit of the race she springs from."

Beltran's face grew deadly pale; even Peter Lennox was touched as he looked at him.

"I am sorry to seem so hard or unkind, but it must be as I have said, Mr. Carew; you might just as well have asked to marry a princess as to marry my niece. Go, like a sensible man, and forget her."

"Am I so utterly unworthy of her?" he asked. "I have a sure income arising from my profession—it will increase. You have said yourself, sir, that I should succeed in life. I shall be a rich man in time."

"My dear Mr. Carew, such wealth as it will be in your power to offer would be a trifle to my niece. The union cannot be. I forbid all mention of it. She must marry in accordance with her duties and her position, not her fancy."

"I do not think she will agree with you, sir," said Beltran.

"It is of very little moment whether she does or not, she will have to marry as I have stated. Go home, sir, and forget her. I like you and will be your friend through life. I will do anything for you except give you my niece—that is an impossibility. I am sorry to be abrupt, but I have an engagement this morning. I trust to your honor, Mr. Carew, to make no attempt at seeing my niece again."

"I can make no such promise, Mr. Lennox. Your niece is my promised wife. When she dismisses me I will go, not before. She loves me, she trusts me, and I will not give her up to any man living. I will never release her from her promise, nor will I break mine, unless she herself bids me."

"Then I must act speedily and sharply," said Peter Lennox determinedly. "I shall see my niece and say what I have to say to her. I wish you good morning, sir."

And with a grim civility that boded ill for his interests Beltran found himself bowed out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

After his dismissal by the millionaire, Beltran Carew stopped in the hall of Strathnarn House and asked to see Miss Lennox. She came to him looking dazzlingly bright.

"You have seen my uncle, Beltran?" she said. "What is the news?"

He took her hands in his and looked sadly into her face.

"My darling, you must send me away from you. Your uncle will not hear of the engagement—will not listen to one word about it."

"I shall never send you away, Beltran, and I shall never give you up," she replied frankly. "Was my uncle very angry?"

"He seemed to be sorry for us, I fancied; but I might just as well have prayed and pleaded to a statue, Beatrix—he was immovable."

"And his objections?" she asked briefly.

"He had none to myself; it is my position and my poverty that he cannot overlook."

"But he could make you rich if he would," she said hastily.

His face flushed.

"I would be rich with no man's wealth, Beatrix; I am able to win my own fortune."

"How proud you are, and yet how right!" she said. "So it is stern opposition, Beltran!"

"Yes," he replied, "unless—oh, my darling, do not be angry!—unless you will have your freedom back again."

"That I will not. Do you love me well enough to go through all kinds of unpleasantness for me, Beltran?"

"I love you well enough to consider even pain pleasant when borne for your sake. Why do you ask me such a question, Beatrix?"

"Because, if you can bear all that, I can do the same, and we shall win in the end, Beltran. Nothing shall make me break my promise; and, if you can bear the trouble that I fear is in store for us, never speak again of my giving you up—if you do, I shall take it as a sign that you have grown faint-hearted and wish to leave me. Together we can brave fate."

He could only kiss the hand that he held. He was in a passion of love and delight; he could find no words to say to her, she was so true, so noble, so loyal. Then he went away.

Just as he was leaving the hall door he saw a groom wearing the Heathland livery ride up with a note in his hand. The note was for Beatrix, and within it was enclosed one for her uncle. She had never liked the Duke so well as when she read his present letter; it was so full of kindness. It ran:

"My dear Miss Lennox.—My affection for you has been so sincere that I prefer your happiness to my own. As you have found your happiness in the love of a more fortunate man, I withdraw; and, wishing you every blessing, I promise to remain your friend until death. HEATHLAND."

The little note written to Peter Lennox merely said:

"My dear Sir,—I have to thank you for all the kindness that you have shown me during the time of our friendship, and to ask that the same friendship may be extended to me still, although my hope of winning your niece has ended.

"Yours truly, HEATHLAND."

Beatrix sought her uncle with her note in her hand. He was still in the library, too much annoyed, too vexed and miserable to care about going out. He looked up when she entered. His heart misgave him when he saw the firm, self-reliant expression of the proud face. She did not look like one to be swayed by sharp words.

"Beatrix," said Peter Lennox, "I was just about to send for you. I was very much annoyed this morning." Despite his annoyance, his usual old-fashioned courtesy did not forsake him; he rose and placed a chair for her. "Be seated, my dear; I want you to listen to me. I have been very much annoyed."

"I am sorry to hear it, uncle," she responded. "I am afraid you have not been kind, as you promised; you have not said 'Yes' to my friend."

"I have not—I could not. I was more annoyed, more irritated than I have been for years."

She placed the Duke's letter in his hand.

"Read that, uncle," she said; "there is an example of generosity."

His face darkened more and more as he read it, and very quickly he laid it down with muttered words that she did not care to hear.

"So you have given up a man who writes like that" he remarked—"a generous-hearted man whose like you will not easily meet?"

"Yes, uncle; it was far more honorable to give him up than to marry him without love—was it not?"

"I am so annoyed," he said, "that I cannot speak calmly upon the matter; it is the greatest disappointment I have had in my life—the very greatest."

"I am sorry to hear it, uncle," she returned gently.

"The blow is doubly painful coming to me from a hand I loved," he said. "As you sent away the truest and the kindliest gentleman I have ever met, I cannot of course, recall him; but I shall never give my consent to your marriage with Beltran Carew—never, you may as well understand that at once, Beatrix."

"I cannot believe that you mean what you say, uncle," replied "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN HATER.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

An advertisement appeared in a daily paper for a milliner and shop-girl at Madame Lavalle's, No, 121 Pearl street.

A pair of slender hands turned the paper over, a pair of brown eyes wandered up and down the long column of "Wants" until they rested upon this.

"The very place, mamma," said Viola Burnett. And forthwith the little hat and neat mantle were donned, and soon she was walking in the direction of Pearl street.

It did not take long to bring her there, and she paused before the glass door to collect herself. There was but one lady within.

As she entered, the lady came forward. She was not very young, perhaps thirty, with a pretty, kindly face; and when Viola made known her errand she gave a little laugh and said:

"Dear me! I am delighted! Such a string of applicants as I have had, and all of them sour-looking old maids. What a sweet face you have! Are you experienced?"

"Yes, I have worked for a year in the establishment of Mrs. Latouche."

"Ah! her name is well known, and her work much admired. I am sure you will suit me. When will you begin?"

"Now, if you wish. I am anxious to begin as soon as you can find work for me."

"Do begin at once; and, to give us a specimen of your work, take this hat and trim it. You must know, my dear Miss——"

"Burnett."

"Ah, yes, Miss Burnett, that I have a brother, who is, in fact, the owner of this establishment, and it is to him you must look for directions; for, to tell the truth, I am soon to be married!"

Viola nodded, and allowed the little Frenchwoman to go on.

"I am a widow, and have lived two long years in a state of single wretchedness, and have now resolved to again marry. This fact, you must understand, brings you directly under the attention of M. Paul Lavalle, who, by the way, I must inform you, is a thorough woman-hater."

"Is he old?" asked Viola.

"No; he is young; but he so utterly despises women, that I verily believe he would discharge you were you to ask a question beyond your business. He is polite, for all that, and may offer you the attention due to a lady; but I beg you to refuse every offer; for, if you do not, you will not long remain here."

The request was a strange one, but, nevertheless, easily granted; and she readily promised to do all in her power to retain her situation.

It was late in the afternoon before the gentleman arrived, and Viola only caught a glimpse of a tall, handsome man; then bent her eyes resolutely upon her work.

"My brother, Miss Burnett!"

Miss Burnett raised her beautiful eyes for a moment, and then went on with her work.

"Do you fancy this work, Miss Burnett?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad, for Adele is hard to please. Do you think you will be content to remain?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman turned away, evidently thinking it useless to try to engage her in conversation, and she went soberly on with her work.

It rained when the hour came for Viola's return home, and she stood a moment at the door, looking out into the dark, wet streets.

"Miss Burnett," said Mr. Lavalle, "allow me to see you home under my umbrella."

Viola was surprised. Not only because he was a rich man and she a poor milliner, and she wondered at his offer.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I can go alone."

He had not time to repeat the offer before she was out and half way down the street.

It was darker than she had supposed, and the rain fell in torrents; but she drew her mantle tightly around her, and with bowed head walked swiftly along. Before she reached the end of the street, there came a sound of sharp, quick steps upon the pavement, and Paul Lavalle came up beside her.

"Of course you think me very bold, but I prefer to run the risk of incurring your displeasure, rather than see you endanger your health by exposing yourself on such a night as this."

He drew her hand within his arm, and together they went on to Mrs. Burnett's door. Viola allowed him to carry on the conversation, answering only when directly questioned, and then in monosyllables. She could not help thinking, however, what a pleasant, agreeable gentleman he was, and half repented her promise to madame; but she managed to keep it, and bade him a formal good night with a cool little speech of thanks for his kindness.

She had no desire to lose her situation, but she was almost inclined to disbelieve madame's story. Well, it might be true; and if so, women-haters were certainly agreeable creatures.

There were many more rainy nights, many times the umbrella was brought forth; and under its cover Viola trudged home beside Paul Lavalle. She thought him a strange man, and felt that madame had never clearly understood him. He seemed very unlike her notion of a woman-hater.

One day he dropped a note into her lap, saying:

"Here is a letter for you, Miss Burnett. You will send a reply before I come again," and went away, leaving her to stare wondering at the little note.

After awhile she opened it and read:

"VIOLA—

"You are a strange being, and I cannot understand you; but I understand my own heart, and it bids me say I love you. Will you give me the blessed right to call you my own, my wife? I told you I must know your reply before I again come, and so it must be. Viola, my darling, I await your answer.

"PAUL LAVALLE."

A joyous light broke over her face, and with a flood of happy tears, Viola wrote beneath:

"I will be your wife."

"Why are you so bright, Viola?" asked madame, who had entered.

"Your brother, madame, has asked me to be his wife."

"And you told him——"

"Yes."

"My sweet Viola! I knew my plan would succeed. I had worked for months to bring the change in Paul's fortunes, but had been thus far unsuccessful. He declared that all women were husband-hunters, and that he would never marry one of them. I knew in an instant that you would please him, and so I trumped up the whole story. You will wonder at my anxiety, but will cease to do so when I tell you that I cannot marry until he is settled in life. Bless your heart, I am delighted."

Paul came, in less than an hour, and told her the same story; and together they walked to Viola's mother, and she joined in their happiness. If he ever was a woman-hater, he laid it aside when he married and became a model husband.

THE REVIEWER
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Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish and send us two more of their delightful little "New Handy Volume Series." The Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb, are comprised in one volume, and a story, "The Bird of Passage," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, is the other. The Essays of Elia are well known to all lovers of pure English literature and humor. They are simply inimitable, refreshing and immortal. In this form they can be procured at the price of only 50 cents. "The Bird of Passage" is in Mr. Le Fanu's best style, full of interest and effect. Price 25 cents.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also publish "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," by Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read. It is a fine story charmingly told, and is printed in a very fine manner. Paper, price 50 cents.

All of the above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of New York, publish "Horseback Riding from a Medical Point of View," by Ghislani Durant, M. D., Ph. D. It treats of the benefits of horseback riding, in six chapters, with an appendix on the origin and progress of horse races. It is well written and commends itself to all readers. Pp. 157, bound in fine cloth.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, publish "The Cossacks, a Tale of the Caucasus in 1852," by Count Leo Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. It is a most admirably constructed story, and interesting throughout. Bound in fine scarlet and gilt cloth; 313 pages; price $1.25. For sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city.

MAGAZINES.

Wide Awake for August is a first-class number in every respect. The 16-page natural history supplement is a fine feature of this well conducted magazine for the young folks. The poems and illustrations are all good.

Appleton's Journal for August contains two finely illustrated papers, Flora in a Garret, descriptive of artificial flower making, is illustrated by Rinehart. Up in the Blue Ridge, a story by Constance Fenimore Woolson, is illustrated by a fine frontispiece. There are many interesting papers and poems, among which may be mentioned A Legend of Phrygia, by Thomas Dunn English; Voices of Westminster Abbey, Beautiful Actresses, Genius and Labor. The collection is good, and the Editor's Table brimful of interest.

We have received the magazine of *Art* for July, published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of New York, London and Paris. Full of excellent engravings and articles of interest to the connoisseur as well as the artist, $3 per year. Single number 25cts.

The *American Agriculturist*, published by the Orange Judd Company, of New York, reaches us for July and August. This standard periodical is rich in topics of interest to the farmer as well as the general reader.

The *Western Agriculturist*, published by T. Butterworth, Quincy, Ill., is a promising farmer's magazine. $1 per year.

The *Sanitarian*, an organ of the Medico-Legal Society, reaches us for August. All the papers are of interest not only to physicians and scientific men, but to everybody, as the magazine is devoted to the preservation of health, mental and physical culture. Published and edited by A. N. Bell, M. D., New York. $3 a year. Gets a number.

Blackwood's Edinburgh magazine for July reaches us through Mr. W. B. Zieber, of this city. John Caldigate is continued. A comedy called Apples, is well written. Theodore Martin has some of his usually excellent translations from Heine. Part I. of a story called Gordon Baldwin, opens in this number. Then follows an article on Gaelic Lore and Modern Slang, Our Kentish Parish, The Two Muses, The South African Question, and a discussion respecting The Congress at Berlin.

Scribner's monthly for August, the midsummer holiday number, is full of fine illustrations and good literary matter. It contains a portrait of Wm. Cullen Bryant, and an illustrated article upon the dead poet, by H. N. Powers. The other illustrated articles are, A Seaport on the Pacific, Sharp Eyes, Glimpses of New England Farm Life, To South Africa for Diamonds, first paper; and the following stories: Falconberg, The Puritan's Guest, Old Robin and Roxy, all of which have fine drawings. This is a very beautiful number.

St. Nicholas is full of good things for August. It is copiously illustrated, and all the papers are taking. There is a frontispiece, Building the Cheese Press, by L. Hopkins, and an illustrated article on King Cheese, by J. T. Trowbridge. Rods for Five, John and his Velocipede, An Exciting Ride, The Digger Wasps at Home, The Emergency Mistress, The Moon from a Frog's Point of View, Gerty, The London Milkwoman, and the following poems and stories, viz: Under the Lilacs, Happy Fields of Summer, Churning, and Dab Kinzer, are all illustrated.

Potter's American Monthly for August, contains a paper on Watkins' Glen, illustrated. A story, Hearts vs Diamonds, by Carl Chester; the Red River Dawn, by J. S. Wilson; the conclusion of The Three Naomies, The Last of the Knights, illustrated; continuation of Herbert Orton; A Story of a Family Physician; An Editorial Experience; The Chair, Ancient and Modern, illustrated; and a wealth of matter in Notes and Queries, Current Memoranda, and Literature and Art. This is a very excellent number of this worthy magazine.

Lippincott's magazine for August, opens with a paper by Edward King, Along the Danube, illustrated. Mr. Edward J. Knight, one of the commissioners to the Paris Exposition, gives an illustrated paper on the buildings and grounds. Wirt Sikes contributes A Welch Watering Place; Henry James, Jr., The British Soldier, S. A. Shields has a paper on Sambo, a Man and a Brother; Mrs. Hooper sketches the career of the Empress Eugenie with much animation and causticity; and Mrs. Howland gives an account of a new system of Musical Notation. There is a striking story in the number entitled A Saxon God; and the new serial Through Winding Ways shows a careful study of life. There are other good things in the number, which is almost wholly of a light character, suitable for the month.

The magazine of *American History* for August is able as ever and as interesting. There are two historical articles with maps, and a biographical sketch sketch of Mr. Livingston, Governor of New Jersey, with an engraving of Liberty Hall, his residence. Then follow original documents, Reprints, Notes, Queries and Replies, and Literary Notices, of a high and scholarly character.

The little folks have a most tempting feast in the August numbers of *The Nursery* and the *Monthly Reader*, for they are bright and attractive with lovely pictures and graphic little stories especially adapted to little ones, who, without doubt, find them "a joy forever." Published by John Shorey, of Boston.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

Physic, for the most part, is but a substitute for exercise or temperance.

Patience—A virtue which some people think every one wants but themselves.

How few faults are there seen by us, which we have not ourselves committed.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fist.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtues that would entitle him to it.

In the assurance of strength there is strength. The strongest are weak without confidence.

One doubt solved by yourself will open your mind more than the solution of many by another.

If one knew what is said of him in his absence, he would become a very modest man indeed.

The mind that busies itself much with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

Appointments once made become debts. I have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

Men look at the faults of others with a telescope—at their own with the same instrument reversed.

The man who mounts the high horse is invariably the one who gets the least pity when he falls.

Show a haughty man that you do not look up to him, and he will not then look down upon you.

He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is a fool.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize what they batter down.

One act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

To vex another is to teach him to vex us again; and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

You might, no doubt, commune with much wiser persons than yourself, but with none more profitably.

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cures; less cant and more piety; less law and more justice.

If you would know whether a man will cheat you if he can, see if he is willing to help cheat somebody else.

Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet constantly scheming to produce false impressions.

He who toys with time trifles with a frozen serpent, which will afterward turn and inflict a deadly wound.

Give a little to those who ask, though you suspect them to be impostors. It may not do them good, but it will you.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for silence, or pomposity for erudition.

Alexander the Great used to say that he was more indebted to Aristotle for giving him knowledge than he was to his father for life.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1878.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

"ON DANGEROUS GROUND" has now reached an absorbing point.

WE have in preparation a series of biographical sketches of ladies prominent in art, literary, and social circles, which we will publish from time to time. The first of the series was given in No. 51 of the volume just concluded.

"MABEL'S VICTORY; OR, THE COST OF A WILL," a new serial by the celebrated author of "The Nemesis of Love," which lately appeared in the columns of the POST, will begin in this number of our paper. It is a most interesting and exciting story of English life, and is written in a pleasing style and with great dramatic effect. Our readers cannot fail to enjoy its perusal.

OUR companion oleographs, "The Yellowstone" and "The White Mountains," are a triumphant success. No person possessing an art taste upon seeing these fine pictures will hesitate about taking them. They are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or sitting room, and they are as fine in touch, color and execution as the best water-color paintings. Oleographs are all the rage now, as they render the minutiæ of tone and chiaroscuro, as well as color, with more fidelity and delicacy than the ordinary cheap chromos.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT. The heated term calls for novelties in dress, and the seaside and mountains and watering places are as exacting in their demands upon Fashion as ever. Our lady readers have an ample opportunity afforded them in "Fashion Notes" to learn exactly what the season insists upon in the way of costume, trimming, and all the paraphernalia of a complete travelling suit and full dress for the fashionable summer resorts. The hints in "Fireside Chat" respecting the pleasant summer work of embroidery, needlework, etc., will be found very useful.

WITH this number of the POST we begin the fifty-eighth volume. During the past year its many improvements have received the universal approbation of our readers, and we can assure them that nothing will be left undone to maintain that high standard. We shall continue to present the best serial and short stories attainable, which will be characterized by that purity of tone which we have aimed to give the paper. The POST, in entering on the present volume, extends its cordial thanks to its many patrons and old friends—with some of whom it has been a welcome visitor since its first issue—with a hope that in the future, as in the past, it will continue to be a never-failing source of instruction and delight.

A DISTINGUISHED writer says: "We want a guild of thought and soul builders who will take the raw materials of a child's possibilities and fashion them into the fabric of a strong and symmetrical maturity. The child inherits all the experience of the parents, and of that they should hasten to put the little one into possession. It is strange that boys are not understood by those who have been boys. Maternity is wise when it keeps an ear close to the suggestions of dreaming youth. *Most failures are due to the arbitrary selection of vocations.* If parents choose to put their own souls into their children they can do so, but they ought to see to it that they have good souls to put into them. Schools are designed as supplements to parental effort, not as substitutes for it." He speaks of womanhood thus: "As family organization is the model of social organization, so is family statesmanship the model of social statesmanship. Family statesmanship finds its embodiment in the thoughtful, judicious, faithful mother. She is the ideal of earthly excellence, the centre and source of the best social forces. But motherhood is beginning to receive recognition as a mighty power, and in the near future maternity instead of paternity will be taken as the key to a man's character. He is such as his mother makes him."

GOOD RUMOR.

Somebody writing once discussed very cleverly, and with the knowledge of a close observer, "the advantages of being one of the *genus irritabile*," and certainly they are numerous. He who is sure to visit neglect or thoughtlessness of his comfort with a growl, or a sneer, or a few words of cutting rebuke, is morally certain to have all his wants attended to, all his little peculiarities remembered. Slippers warming by the fire, children meek and silent, if present, or hustled out of the way, if their absence is preferred, as it generally is by Monsieur Genus Irritabile; dinner is just what he likes, no matter whether anybody else does or not, and served as he wishes it to be. Well, he is not to be envied all the comfort he can get in that way; but commend us to the person who airily steps in and out as though he was pleased to be alive, whose very presence forces you to think of Lowell's phrase, "Gladness on Wings."

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounters no vapor in its passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of the fine face, a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark, like a flute in a full chorus of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, but filling up the breaks in the concord with its sweet melody.

SANCTUM CHAT.

BEFORE delf-ware came into existence, the table-ware of the wealthy was made of gold and silver; and of the the middling classes, of pewter; and of the poor, of wood. But the porcelain imported into Holland from China by the early traders, impelled the Dutch to imitate, as nearly as possible, the manufacture of a ware which they saw was so beautiful and so useful. Accordingly a new industry sprang up, first at Delft, and soon after at Harlem, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

IT is not a new thing to point out the coincidences between individuality in the novelist, and in the statesman, Disraeli. Critics have often essayed that. Now is it strange that an ambitious writer should express opinions which afterwards in public life he might reaffirm by action? But it is certainly most remarkable among biographical circumstances, that Disraeli's Eastern views, his participation in a momentous congress of nations, and his triumphal entry should have been so precisely foreshadowed in his own early poems and travels.

THERE is a marked revival in England at present respecting the literary influence of Doctor Samuel Johnson. No nobler life ever graced the annals of English literature, and a more interesting biography than that of Doctor Johnson is not to be found. It is well that we moderns pay tribute to those who were the heralds of the literature of the present. Johnson was an intellectual giant, and his influence in forming and directing popular taste in that gloomy age in which he lived, has not been without effect in our own epoch. He was a genius of marked faults, and marked merits. His merits are transcendent. His faults were those of his age.

THAT Edgar A. Poe should meet with ultimate appreciation, was not to be doubted for a moment by those who understood his peculiar genius, and now the very critical *Saturday Review* pronounces Poe "the one American singer with a genius—an eccentric and perverted, but undeniable genius. He has poems of classic purity and perfection, like the lines "To Helen," and he has intervals of music, as in the "Haunted Palace," and the poem of "Isabel," which are only to be matched in Shelley and Coleridge. But Poe's criticism and his short stories are his best works. For acumen, sarcasm, irony and learning, his critiques on his contemporaries are worthy of his genius. His short stories are sui generis, and are wonderful alike for invention and style.

IT is said that a great deal of artistic talent is latent in the Turkish Empire, and it is "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," on account of the circumscribing tenets of the Koran, which narrow it to the simple delineation of arabesque ornament, and forbid it to take higher flights into the regions of figure, animal, and landscape painting. A young Turkish artist, named Pazzaboun, has already attracted much attention in Paris. He, defying the limits which define the art of his nation, went to France, studied under Gerome, and now comes out with a number of paintings, in the Salon, as a master. The Oriental tastes of the master are natural with the pupil, and Pazzaboun has given to Caucasian Europe probably the very first specimens of Turkish art, in the line of figure painting. His pictures consist of transcripts from the actual life of Constantinople.

IT is astonishing, as well as gratifying, to see how quickly the Americans have responded to the dictates of culture and taste in the matter of wall-papers. Within a few years there has been wrought a very radical change, and rooms are now made really cosy by the peculiar hangings which cover their walls. But there will yet be better things to come, when we cease to imitate the English and French style, only adopting them as patterns upon which to improve. Painted walls hung with good pictures, or good oleographs, when pictures are out of the question, and a neat wainscoting and dado of native woods, oiled—not varnished; or painted, simply oiled, to show the beautiful grain, will render a room a perfect picture. Caprices of fashion have little or nothing to do with artistic taste, and in fact nothing, unless it be artistically beautiful, can have any value in influencing fashion.

IT is stated that a prominent business man of New York, since deceased, was so generous with his employes as to have their eternal gratitude publicly expressed. During the hot days of July and August he would see that they were not only not overworked, but that they had an ample vacation and rest. There are many philanthropic men in the country at present who are doing and acting in the same commendable spirit towards their overworked employes. During these sweltering days there should be shorter hours for labor and more leisure for a certain sort of relaxation. It is not fair that these glorious summer mornings and evenings should glide by and humanity not be the better for them. We commend heartily every effort to make men and women better, wiser and happier, and to lighten the yokes which all of us must bear.

A NEW narcotic herb called the "Wanga," found in Hayti, is now undergoing scientific investigation. At the request of several professors in the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Langston, our Minister to Hayti, has, by direction of the Secretary of State, made some investigation into the nature of this potent vegetable. It possesses the property of causing a sound and tranquil sleep, and is especially beneficial to persons suffering from disease of body or mind. It has been successful where chloroform has failed. A few leaves of this strange plant placed under the pillow are generally sufficient to bring relief. Its alleged properties, however, remain to be determined and divined. But there is no question whatever that botanical science will discover some drug that will act with just as much potency, and less danger, than opium, or hasheesh, (Indian hemp—cannabis Indica) to soothe mankind. The truly savage and nomadic nations resort to such plants as a substitute for the alcoholic stimulants of civilization.

MEN of the most spontaneous intellects are rarely spontaneous in their distinguishing achievements. Hard absorbing work must generally be done some time, either in preparation or execution. Very few poems or writings of any kind that are re-read or remembered but have been wrought with copious brain sweats. As a rule the offspring of genius, whatever its nature, is born with exceeding travail, although it is common to believe it generated after the manner of Pallas. The best writers, however, write *currente calamo*, with a flowing pen, and with exceeding rapidity, hardly stopping to revise their paragraphs. Such was the manner of Dickens and Scott. Both the ideas and sentences were all formed and considered and took shape in the brain long before the pen gave them expression. The chief rule is to have "something to say" and then "say it." This is the whole art of writing, and the "something to say" is of course the chief difficulty, and it is in the preparation of thoroughly original matter and turning the subject over in every conceivable light, where the true brain labor of the author comes into play.

THE great tenor Mario can be seen any evening at Morton's Italian Restaurant, in London, where he is usually surrounded by a group of his friends and admirers. His eye is bright, his complexion fresh, but his well-kept moustache and beard are as white as frosted silver. Mario entered the Military Academy at Turin when eleven years old, and distinguished himself in the army. He hoped to get a commission in the French army in Algiers. This effort proving unavailing, he tried to reach America, when an accident compelled him to return to Paris, with a very slender purse. Meyerbeer, it seems, had heard him sing, and offered to prepare him for the stage, and secure him an engagement at the Grand Opera. He first appeared in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and made a triumphant debut. This ovation was on the 4th of December, 1838, and in the spring of 1839 he came out in London as Gennaro, in "Lucrezia Borgia." In his room in Rome, all his music, the works of more than a hundred masters, and many English numbered among them—lies piled on the floor of the third little room above a joiner's shop, and fills the greater part of it. "I have never had time," said Mario, "to arrange it since I came down here; but now I am going to send it to my native town of Cagliari. They have founded a musical club there, and paid me the compliment of calling it 'The Mario;' so, instead of putting all this music in order, I shall get rid of a nuisance, and have the credit of giving a present at the same time." The only part of his strangely crowded quarters where any order exists is that devoted to his collection of works on music. He has long had an idea of preparing a history of music; but an idea it remains, though he commenced to collect materials for the purpose years ago. He ransacked the library of the British Museum, copying many curious examples of antique scores and ancient glees. He collected old MS. music in all the countries he visited. In an old Mass-book he picked up at Toledo he found the original setting of the "Last Rose of Summer." As you see Mario sitting at the opposite side at Morteo's, you would never think he had known a moment's trouble. If you could obtain the entree in Roman society, you will constantly meet him in that in which he was born, ever welcome, even surrounded by the younger men.

A French doctor, by an examination of matrimonial statistics, has discovered that out of one hundred blonde women, thirty-seven remained old maids by the wayside, while out of one hundred brunettes, only eighteen stop without a husband. The brunettes won't take "no" as an answer.

THE STORY OF FURNITURE.

The philosophers who occupied so much time in endeavoring to find a definition of man, might have called him the *furniture* making animal, for no other creature has arrived at that degree of intelligence. He has even provided his gods with furniture, and exalted it to the sky. Jupiter sits in the clouds, and from one leg of his chair depends a long golden chain, at the end of which the earth hangs in space; while the constellation known as Cassiopeia, or the Lady in the Chair, nightly shines about the Pole. Something of a sacred character has always clung to the table—the ancients kissed it in any sudden alarm as if it were an altar, and even now grace is said over it, though of course with no reference to the wood, and in a very different spirit. In their origin the table and the altar are so closely conjoined that it is difficult to separate them. Offerings, as of fruit, were placed on tables before idols, and even to the Hebrew temple a table was admitted. Some of the customs and laws that grew up about this piece of furniture may be traced in the legal language of the present day—for instance, a person is pronounced divorced from table (*mensa*), etc. Perhaps the first chair was a stone. The rude block usually used as a seat in primitive days, became afterwards consecrated as the throne upon which traditionary usage rendered it essential that kings should be crowned. The well known stone under the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, in England, may be adduced as an instance of this. A large stone is still preserved at Kingston-on-Thames with peculiar care, as the throne on which seven Saxon kings were crowned, and the council of the Areopagus at ancient Athens sat on seats hewn out of the solid rock.

There still survives a form of furniture once in use even in the houses of the great—the settle, which is in fact a long bench with a tall back and arms. A settle was part of the parlor furniture of a knight's house in London in Henry VIII.'s time. There, too, may be found the trestle-table, whose legs or supports resemble the letter X, in its primitive shape, and almost exactly reproducing the tables at which the Norman conquerors of England sat, upon the forms which we now see only in schools. Suppose the tree stump, or block of wood, elevated on three or four smaller ones, and the idea of the stool is arrived at; and when some early genius chipped these into shape and fixed them into the block, the stool is done.

The period preceding the Norman Conquest was the age of stools. In the Anglo-Saxon house they were the chief article of furniture, and that unimaginative people, who scarcely seem to have possessed any creative faculty, exhausted their ingenuity in ornamenting and varying the forms of their stools. Some were panelled at the sides. Sometimes the seat was triangular, and a single post rose up—the germ of a back and a most uncomfortable one. Others had two upright posts and a crosspiece—still nearer the chair. The trestle was still utilized, as it still is in camp stools. A bishop sat on a stool with the head of a wolf carved on each side, and the paws on the feet—wolves, it must be remembered, were plentiful in England at that date. The character of a people is reflected in its furniture; thus the savages of the Pacific, though totally destitute of civilization in one sense, yet exhibit their artistic taste in exquisitely carved paddles, canoes and implements. The furniture and implements of the Anglo-Saxons show them in precisely the opposite light. Their favorite weapon was the heavy, crushing battle-axe; at the battle of Hastings they are described running with it "hanging from their necks"—that is, over the shoulder. They drank their ale from buckets—great cups of small oaken staves put together and hooped like a bucket. Their candles were stuck on spikes instead of fitting into a socket. They sat on hard, cumbrous, angular stools, only fit for men in armor who could not feel; and the whole furniture of their houses indicated a race living almost entirely in the open air, and indifferent to comfort. Yet when they overran the country they must have found much of the Romano-British civilization remaining; but they do not seem to have copied any of the elegant conveniences of the Roman villa. Perhaps in the thrones of about this period, which were merely carved blocks of wood, some faint resemblance may be traced to a Roman altar, or to the mouldings about the base of a column.

With the Normans there began an era of art. The term Norman is here used to express the three or four centuries succeeding to the landing of William the Conqueror—all that period of English history during which the high offices of Church and State were exclusively filled with men of pure Norman blood. That period saw the arts of architecture and of furniture-carving (usually a reflection of the first) carried to their greatest perfection. Not a stone of the churches remained unchiseled, the very hedges furnished them with designs in the maple leaf; not an inch of their furniture was unsculptured. Chairs of the abbots of that day are still preserved, and the pointed windows of the ecclesiastical buildings are easily recognized in the panels, as they are even now on the ends of pews in our churches. Some of them are shaped like a miniature church, with pinnacles and buttresses. The great round table of the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral in England, considered to be fully 800 years old, stands firm and solid on legs that are placed under its edge at short intervals. In the castles everything of daily use, down to the handles of the knives, was curiously carved. Now, upon a modern dinner table in the grandest mansion there is a dead level of uniformity. The knives may be of more costly materials, but they are of precisely the same shape as those used by "the commonalty," and each is exactly like the other. But in mediæval days there was an individuality about the meanest article of use. The artist scarcely made two of a similar pattern. Our method of turning out a hundred thousand chairs, or half a million carving knives, mathematically accurate copies of one original, is totally destructive of art. We seem almost to have returned to the plainness of the Saxons, concealed by a profusion of French mirrors and gilding.

The sideboards in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. were magnificent pieces of furniture, though sometimes in questionable taste. The tables were peculiar in having legs that swelled out in the middle to an enormous size, something like an inverted and greatly exaggerated soda water bottle. After Charles I. the true English style appears to have been supplanted by lighter, flimsy-looking work, clearly imported from a warmer climate. With the maypole and the morris dance the art of carving departed—and the less said of the Georgian furniture the better, in an artistic sense. It is noticeable that our ancestors of 150 years ago seem to have preferred chairs very low in the seats, and with disproportionately long, high backs.

In the huts of savages, along one side of the wall there is often a raised bank of dry earth, which, covered with mats or skins, forms at once a divan or sitting-place and a bed. Between this rude arrangement and the bed in its complete shape, there are endless gradations and variations. But so early as Saxon times—speaking of the mother country—the kings slept on bedsteads which in every important particular corresponded to our own wooden bedsteads, so fashionable before the introduction of iron and brass. There is a drawing of a Saxon bed with posts and a roof or tester which looks much like the planked roof of a shed. It has two curtains, the ends of which are twisted about the foreposts. Perhaps in ruder times the tester sometimes performed good service in sheltering the sleeper from the rain which penetrated the ill-made roof of the house. "A beilde of tymbre," a timber or wooden bedstead, was usually part of the furniture of a bedroom in the fifteenth century. But the poorer classes were roughly lodged far later than that, sleeping on a straw pallet, with a round log of wood under the head instead of a bolster. In Henry VIII.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court there was a "joyned stoole" (stools still being considered important pieces of furniture) reminding us of Shakspeare's

"The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three-legged stool mistaketh me."

The bed itself, however, in the houses of the great was of the most magnificent description long before then. Feather beds are said to have been known in Richard II.'s time. The widow of the Black Prince, 1385, describes in her will a bed of "red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with bougits and leaves issuing out of their mouths." A bed of much later date, James II., was of crimson velvet, ornamented with wood carvings, and glittering with gold and silver thread; while the counterpane was of damask silk, and there were plumes of pink and white ostrich feathers on the top. The shape of the beds was generally more square than the modern fashion; the famous Bed of Ware, for instance, is ten feet nine inches long, and of equal width. The foreposts were thicker than the others, and more richly carved. But the height of luxury is described by a poet in the reign of Edward I., who pictures a princess sleeping in a bed, while there hung aloft a golden cage, or censer, in which spices and "cloves that be swete smelling," were burning, filling the chamber with delicate odors. With the water used for washing their hands, they mingled perfumes, in lieu of our modern scented soap. The English ladies of that age were noted for their fondness for bathing for beauty's sake, and are wisely cautioned not to do so in March or November. In the palace at Westminster there was a clock showing the ebb and flow of the sea.

A gentleman's house in Henry VIII.'s time contained, among other things, three tables, with forms and trestles, mortised in the ground, which seems to mean fixed and immovable. There were also three "lytell chairs" for women. The parlor in another house had four "joyned stooles" and a wicker screen. The window-seats were then favorite places, and were furnished with cushions or pillows more or less curiously worked. Most persons have seen specimens of the tapestry with which the walls were hung—but others were merely wainscoted, or covered with thin unpolished wood, which sometimes came only half way up, leaving the rest of the wall bare. The walls of churches were ornamented with paintings from the earliest times, and perhaps the practice was transferred from thence to the dwelling houses. So long ago as 1235, the wainscoted king's chamber in the palace at Winchester—which was a favorite city with the Norman monarchs—was ordered to be painted with histories; and about the same time a similar chamber at Westminster was to be painted a green color in imitation of a curtain. At the present day the method of papering the walls, though used in the majority of houses on account of its convenience and cheapness, stands emphatically condemned by artists and physicians alike, and a return is being gradually made to the painted wall which was the custom in Pompeii. The ceilings of old English halls are justly admired; they have been aptly compared to the hull of a ship inverted; but the floors can hardly have been equally good. They were strewn with rushes, or sprinkled with sand, which latter, as it dried, rose in clouds and caused much annoyance. All throughout those times that are understood when the phrase "Old English" is used, there was a strange mixture of artistic taste, luxury and barbarous discomfort. Thus, a king slept on a velvet bed, with ostrich plumes nodding over the tester, a painted wall at the head of the bed (one king gave particular directions that the bare wall there should be painted), but when he rose in the morning there was nothing but a low stool to sit on, while his chamberlain warmed and aired his dress at the fire, which was a part of his office.

The sofa and ottoman have quite banished the settle and bench from the dwellings of polite society. The carpenter still works at his bench, and now and then benches may be found in old houses here and there in the country, relics of old times. For many centuries that sturdy, simple piece of furniture was found in every hall. The King of England sat to administer justice on such a seat in Westminster Hall, where the Court of King's Bench, or Queen's Bench, still remains. The cupboard, now relegated to the rooms of less importance, was a prominent object in the old English house. The term is frequently employed now to describe a recess in the wall, fitted up with doors and shelves, but seems to have anciently meant a movable piece of furniture. In the time of Henry VIII. there was in a knight's house a small "joyned cubberde" of walnuet, and a short piece of "counter fett" carpet upon it. The kings own bed chamber contained two cupboards. They were famous housekeepers in Queen Elizabeth's time. Napkin-presses were then in use, and, like everything else, were ornamented with carving. Many of our ancestors treasured up their oaken presses, and numbers of them are still to be found in the lumber-rooms of old houses, made of fine black oak, panelled and carved.

Of late a reaction has set in against the questionable taste which crowded our drawing-rooms with almost useless furniture, and heaps of nameless knicknacks; and a partial return to the comparatively bare apartments of ancient England is quite possible, together with chairs and tables in which something may be found besides veneer and polish. The great glass mirrors which are now seen on every mantelpiece or suspended against the wall, were imported into England in the fifteenth century, from France, though they were of much smaller size. Up till then, the mirrors were of polished steel, generally oval, and very small—much like the hand glasses still used to see the back of the head—and often enclosed in a case to preserve the face untarnished. There is a very curious illumination of about the fourteenth century, representing a knight and his lady who have alighted to rest, having evidently been riding on the same horse. The horse is fastened to a tree; a long sword hangs from the saddle. The knight, in armor, is reclining on the sward, with one knee slightly raised. He holds in his hand just such a little mirror of polished steel, resting the lower edge on his knee to keep it steady. The lady sits opposite and plaits her hair by the aid of the mirror. She is working it into two long plaits, in a manner almost precisely similar to the present fashion for girls; and it is noteworthy that her hair is of the same golden hue now so much admired.

IT has been stated that ocular weakness and diseases in various forms appear to have been rapidly increasing in recent times. Constant study, now incidental to the lives of so many, has, according to one authority, a tendency to engender derangement of the eye, and it is often transmitted to descendants. Nearsightedness is a disease of childhood, and rarely develops itself after the fifteenth or eighteenth year. A sedentary life, poor food, bad ventilation and general disregard of hygienic requirements are prominent among the causes of the disease, all conducing to a laxity of tissue, of which nearsightedness is an indication.

It is one of the singular facts of the present state of society, that the qualities which in theory we hold to be most lovely and desirable, are precisely those which in practice we treat with disdain.

A Rare Private Library.

SOME HINTS OF A NOTABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS—WHAT TREASURES MAY BE GATHERED IN A SINGLE LIFETIME.

The recent death of Mr. Bloomfield H. Moore must remind persons who have visited at his house of the extreme richness of his vast library, and of the rarity of very many of the works there. Perhaps no other private library in this country is more comprehensive in its scope or completer in its varied departments, for so large is the collection that its owner was compelled to arrange the books in separate rooms, classifying them very much as the books of great public libraries are arranged. One department is devoted to works relating to the history and literature of France; another to rare works on the Columbian discoveries in America; another to English belles-lettres; another to military science and military criticism; another to the natural sciences, etc.; and in each are found not only a singularly complete collection of standard works, but also many rare and curious books. Among the rarest books in the collection are a large folio edition of Thomas a Kempis, printed from blocks instead of movable type, and bearing date 1474; a copy of the first book on mathematics ever printed in England, in the reign of Edward VI., which is still in its original binding; a curious Latin manuscript of the twelfth century, bound and fastened with chains; a host of early Italian and French books, and some superb books of plates and text published by the French government.

The collector's attention was largely given to Icelandic literature and history, and his collection of books in that department is one of the completest in existence. Of Russia, too, he has made a specialty, and in American history and early American literature the library is exceedingly rich.

It is not my purpose to describe this rare library, or even to indicate by examples the completeness of its departments. I have referred to it merely because its collection has been the work of a man who, beginning life with moderate means, became one of the richest of American manufacturers, without sacrificing to business earnestness those fine literary tastes with which his early education endowed him. It is a rare library from the mere collector's point of view, but its late owner was never a mere collector of books for the sake of collecting them, I believe. He was a diligent student, who during a long life pushed his researches in many directions, and his library was formed chiefly in this way. When he was interested in a subject he bought all the literature to be had concerning it, and as he happened to be a man of very catholic literary tastes the practice resulted in the formation of a very complete as well as a very rich library.

This library would be a treasure worth securing for a public purpose if there was any chance of its sale, but its late owner left behind him a very large fortune, which prevents all occasion for the sale of the books. Their preservation as a private collection is made the more certain by the fact that the widow, to whom the whole property is left without limitation or condition, is herself a gentlewoman of literary tastes, much of whose life has been given to literary pursuits.

It is a little curious that some of the Philadelphia newspapers have fallen into errors of fact in writing of Mr. Moore's history. A man so prominent as he, living all his life in his native city, of which he was one of the most active as well as one of the wealthiest business men, ought to have been pretty well known to all men there; and yet one of the Philadelphia journals entirely misapprehends the facts of his early life, and moralizes upon it as the life of a carpenter's son who rose not only to great wealth, but also to recognition as a man of fine culture. The fact is, that Mr. Moore was not the son of a carpenter at all, although as a member of an old Quaker family he would not have been ashamed of the fact if it had been a fact. He was not at all a self-made man, but came into the world with a full complement of reputable ancestors, and was well and regularly educated, so that his career certainly does not offer the smallest evidence against the practical worth of culture. He was, as the journal referred to says, something better than a rich man; "he was a public-spirited, scholarly, intelligent, energetic, benevolent man;" but he came by all these qualities in the usual way, and not, as the homilist would have us believe, in defiance of early neglect. His origin, indeed, was aristocratic, as aristocracy goes in this country; that is to say, he was descended from one of the early settlers who founded what we have of old families. His ancestor was that John Moore who, as the historian hath it, "leaving good estates behind him, followed William Penn to this country and bought large tracts of land in New Jersey, where he took up his abode." It is a pity to spoil a pretty little newspaper romance in this way, but the late Mr. Moore's origin and life do not contradict the teaching of all experience, that good breeding, inherited intelligence and integrity, and regularly acquired culture are things worth having to begin life with. The real lesson taught by his career is that a man may achieve the most abundant success in business without giving more of himself than he should to its pursuit; that he may be a business man of the widest activity, while cherishing his love of letters and indulging the tastes of a scholar. He was largely interested in the manufacture of paper, and naturally his collection of books about paper is a singularly rich one; but it is not richer than his collection on subjects as far as possible removed from his business. Poor Richard and his followers have taught somewhat too sharply the lesson that thrift in business is the result of exclusive devotion to work; it is worth while to show by such a life as this one that one's fortune and one's self may grow at the same time without crowding each other.—[Phila. Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.

FLIES, it is said, eat the animalcules in impure air, thus removing the seeds of disease, leanness of a fly is almost conclusive evidence of pure air in a house, while corpulency indicates foul wall paper and bad ventilation. Talking of a foul and a fresh atmosphere, there has lately been adopted in India a novel method of giving change of air to people who cannot afford to go away from home. Patients go up in a balloon, which ascends to a certain height and is there made captive. It seems that a few days passed in this atmosphere, which is quite different from that on the plains beneath, temporarily braces up the most languid of invalids. The importance to health of a free perspiration no less than of fresh air, and what dangers arise from perspiration being suddenly checked, has been proved by the fact that a person covered completely with a compound impervious to moisture, will not live over six hours. On the occasion of some ceremonies, a poor girl was gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf to represent the Golden Age. No wonder that it died in a few hours, when we consider that the amount of liquid matter that passes through the pores of the skin in twenty-four hours in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. Besides this, a large amount of carbonic acid—a gaseous body—passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order by frequent ablutions or otherwise.

The following is a San Francisco advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door."

BIRD LORE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Discouraged, once, I walked away
Within the woods, to be alone,
Just as the sober edge of day
Its stillness on the leaves had thrown.

Upon the moss, with lips compressed,
I sat in silence, yet within
A cheerless voice to me addressed,
In weary words, a dismal din.

It said, "Plod on o'er stubble fields,
Their garnered stores can you command,
Or when did fruitage ever yield
A harvest open to your hand?

Or yet, if labor brought success,
When you were struggling for the prize,
A transient joy proved, none the less,
A lasting sorrow, in disguise."

It said that death might bring relief,
But life had not one ray of hope,
Made up of care, or cankering grief,
Was my relentless horoscope."

Just then there fluttered at my side
A little bird, with loaded beak,
And filled four mouths, that opened wide,
Then sang of things it could not speak.

And clearly trilled the warbler's note,
In it, I thought, a lesson lurked,
For tired I deemed this yellow-throat,
And I, too, was but overworked.

The conflicts which my brain had burned
Were stilled; the song had brought me rest.
Home, to my tasks, I soon returned—
The bird went back unto its nest,

Lightly upon its toils to brood,
For there were cares awaiting each,
And I to court a brighter mood,
And con the lesson it did teach.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

THE RELIEF OF THE WATCHER.

But now the time drew near when a patient watcher was to be relieved. The old grandmother, who had sat so long with eyes half closed upon the world, was about to enter that shadowy realm which was not dim nor clouded in her faith, and where her chosen reward awaited her. The cheerful old face grew brighter as the light of earth faded before it; and, but that her hands were weaker and her limbs had failed, she might have seemed like one awaking to a new youth.

She had been so brave and strong under her burden of more than seventy years, that to all but herself her sudden failing was a surprise. For when the relief came in sight it advanced rapidly; and this she thanked God for, and rejoiced that she should not linger to be helpless. Within a week after she abandoned her seat at the fire-corner, it was apparent to those who watched that the end was at hand.

They gathered around her bedside—Mrs. Gardnill and Nell and Hombert—and saw that her gentle breathing grew fainter. It was the last of August. The soft air that floated in through the open windows came laden with the odors of summer's perfect flowers, and ripened fruits, and fragrant shrubs.

With breath restrained, they watched while grandma's spirit waited silently to take up its journey. So calm, so peaceful, so full of rest she seemed, that they began to fear her farewell was already made.

But it was not so. Certain that at last she heard the welcome summons, she roused herself to give up a message and a token which she had long held in trust. By motions of her hands she directed her daughter to lay upon the bed beside her the little trunk that had been constantly near her always; and when this was done, she said:

"Take out the things, Mary."

Mrs. Gardnill opened the trunk, whose contents none but grandma knew, and laid the articles within it, one by one, upon the bed. Little garments, all of them, whose pure white had gathered the yellowness of years. Baby's clothes, of a fashion long gone by, but showing everywhere the work of loving, patient hands.

Ah, me! what a fountain-head of memories was here revealed!

"There's a paper at the bottom," said grandma, and when it was handed to her she took it carefully, but spoke of the little garments upon which her eyes were fixed. This was what she said, as if speaking aloud her thoughts, rather than talking to those present:

"My Andy watched me make these things, and cheered me many a time with banterings to sew them fast and strong—that we should have a goodly houseful, for there was naught but love between us, and health and hope before, and willing hands to do for all might come. But he saw ne'er a one in the flesh. Before Mary came, he went where all were waiting. I think he must have known her first for ours; and all the other little souls that might have come to us, I think he knows them there, and has gathered them to him, and waits with them for me. He knows me as I was—as young and fair as he; for my heart went with him, not to grow old where time stands still. I have lived so pleasantly with hoping soon to meet him, that I seem to forget the cross I had to bear—to do naught for him these many years. Bury these little things with me, Mary; I cannot take them to him, but let them be near my body as they have always been."

She laid her hand caressingly upon the little garments, and paused for a moment. But the gentle boatman waited for her, and she must give up her token.

"Mary," she said, holding fast the paper that had been in the bottom of the trunk, "the good true man you married first—Nell's father there—he had his sorrows like the rest. When he came to love you well, Mary, he put some things on paper, and had them sworn, and gave them in my care in case of need, which will likely never come. He would not fret you with them; and now, I think, I shall do as he would wish if I give the paper to Nell's John, a true good man like William, to keep as I have kept it."

She handed the paper to Hombert, and grew so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe.

Washed to whiteness by perfect devotion, chastened by patient watching, her soul was passing over to where her Andy waited.

A slight tremor went through the aged body. Charon's light boat just stirred the yellow sands upon the further shore, and grandma's soul, whiter than samite, more beautiful than angels seem, leaped to her Andy's welcome.

When John Hombert came to consider the trust that had been left him, he anticipated little pleasure from it. Plainly, he should fully acquaint himself with the contents of the paper, that he might intelligently discharge the trust. The chances were that he would be made the repository of family secrets that might be disagreeable to know. Indeed, as much as that was intimated in grandma's statement that Mary's husband did not want to fret her with the paper.

However, it was clearly a matter of duty to know the secret which William Rollick left to his wife's mother. Hombert therefore opened the little packet of papers, and looked them over carefully more than once.

He was profoundly astonished, almost astounded, by what he found. If the allegations in the papers were true, if the proof was as complete and irrefragible as it purported to be, the matter was of the utmost importance.

Of such moment was it, indeed, that even in the sadness of the recent death, and in the heavy sorrow that would always remain while little Elsie was not recovered, Hombert felt that he must give it immediate attention.

Mrs. Gardnill evidently expected some communication from Hombert in reference to the secret. She had not known of it before, and now she was naturally anxious. Perhaps, also, she indulged a vague hope that it might in some way affect her situation in relation to the threat of Jeek. But the present custodian of the secret was apparently in no hurry to divulge it.

"Mother," he said to her one day, "perhaps you think I ought to tell you something about the packet of papers given me by grandma. I have looked them over with great care, but I am not yet ready to talk to you about their contents. I should not like to raise hopes without more certainty of their fulfilment than I now have. But what I do want to say is that I fully appreciate the possible importance of these papers, and shall at once set afoot movements which will bring out whatever advantage there may be in them."

"I have perfect confidence in your judgment, John," was the reply.

"Thank you! You understand that what I mean to do now is to relieve your mind of all apprehension of new difficulties. I do not promise anything beyond that."

"I understand, John."

There was nothing more said then. Nell was present during this conversation. She was quietly but intensely interested, apparently, and it was likewise observable in her manner that she was not as easily satisfied about it as her mother was.

CHAPTER XII.

SOMETHING LIKE A SHADOW AFTER JEEK.

Gardnill the tool was left in a very unpromising condition when the lawyer finally decided that he had no further use for his instrument. This decision was arrived at when Nell's marriage put her effectually out of the reach of Jeek; but it was not the lawyer's policy to make an enemy of Gardnill so long as a little wheedling now and then would prevent. This treatment sufficed until the disappearance of Leela seemed to put a quietus upon the scheme altogether. Gardnill knew of this turn of affairs, and was relieved that the enterprise was to stop entirely. It had brought him nothing but scorn. He would go back to his former life and forget it all.

But that proved to be easier to think of than to do. Gardnill's dissolute habits had greatly gained upon him in Jeek's service, and he found it impossible to check his rapid descent. From bad to worse he went apace; and during the happy months of Nell's early married life the wreck of Gardnill seemed to go to pieces. He lost all regular employment, and for a long time lived as he could, getting a miserable and precarious subsistence—an utterly broken and wretched old man.

What was the wreck capable of? Of any high purpose? No. Of voluntary reformation? No. Capable of little beside brooding upon his ruin, and magnifying the punishments which he called his wrongs, and putting the blame for these upon other shoulders. Capable of revengeful feelings, for they require no healthful soil.

When Gardnill's means of subsistence and indulgence were most uncertain, his vengeful disposition was at its height. And Jeek was the object upon which Gardnill's hatred centred. The lawyer had raised false hopes; the lawyer had caused him to visit his wife and be ignominiously cast out; the lawyer had meditated the prosecution of the Indian claim, which was an attack on the dead boy through his mother.

As long, however, as the whole matter was at rest—Nell married and Leela gone—Gardnill would do nothing worse than lavish silent imprecations upon Jeek. He was roused to active hatred by two circumstances. The first of these was a partial check of his indulgences by the impossibility of continuing them—a sort of reformation by starvation. The second circumstance was Jeek's revival of the Indian claim upon the reappearance of Leela. Of this Gardnill learned through the attempted recovery of the child by John Hombert.

When this affair came to Gardnill's ears, he knew that Jeek and Leela were plotting together again. All his hatred of the lawyer was aroused and intensified by the old dread of a stain upon his dead boy. He went to the lawyer and demanded to know his intentions. Jeek looked at the wreck he had helped to make, and answered contemptuously and carelessly. It was not worth while to spend time with a man who could not interfere seriously with anybody.

Gardnill's desire for revenge by thwarting the lawyer in some way was whetted by this treatment. Out of his fears, his vengeful broodings, and his enforced abstinence, there came what Jeek would have said unhesitatingly was impossible in his late instrument—a fixed purpose, and tenacity in holding to it.

The wreck made his way to Millfield and sought out the sister of Jeek's wife. But Mrs. Morrick, with nobody before her but an old man asking questions, was like a reflector turned toward measureless vacancy. Then the wreck found Mr. Morrick. That gentleman was willing enough if there was anybody to be taken by the hand; but from neither him nor others could the wreck learn aught of Jeek's plans or of his comings and goings.

Soon after this, Gardnill, as he had been known of late, disappeared.

But Mr. Jeek did not cease to be an object of interest to at least one person. Nobody noticed it, but it was surely remarkable that whenever the lawyer left his office, an old man passed along the street not far behind. There was little about the old man to attract attention. He was neither so poor in appearance, nor so decrepit in person, nor so advanced in years as to excite remark and sympathy. The perfection of dress is attained by a lady, it is said, when, after seeing her, you can remember only that she was admirable in her toilette—all attempts to recall details falling before the predominating sense of complete satisfaction which she left. Some such triumph as this belonged to the old man—his evident desire being to pass without notice as a harmless, objectless person. No one who saw him thought there was anything remarkable about him, or cared to think of him again. He was so completely of no account that people did not ask upon what ground they assigned him that character.

Yet it would have been very difficult for Jeek to visit Millfield, or any other place, without the knowledge of this old man. In fact, when on a certain day the crafty lawyer went to the town named, the old man chanced to be on the same train, exciting no more remark there than elsewhere. Also, it happened that when Jeek met Leela at the Halls of the Montezumas, by appointment of course, the shadowing presence was waiting outside the old log hut.

When the conference was over, the lawyer and the half-breed emerged and took their paths in opposite directions. The latter went off through the forest; the former returned to the town, and soon after went home. There was no longer a shadow after him.

The old man had transferred his interest to the half-breed. He went after her very cautiously until she had traversed several miles and emerged from the wood on to a prairie which at that point ran far back from its general course, forming a deep cove.

The woman plunged at once into the high grass of the prairie, taking her way straight across the cove. The old man followed her track in the tall grass. When he reached the further side, he was confronted by Leela, who stepped suddenly from behind a tree, as if she had concealed herself to reconnoitre the discovered pursuit.

"What do you want here now?" she demanded menacingly.

"I want to see you," he replied, meaning to be conciliatory.

"Well, you've seen me. Been trackin' me long enough, a'n't yet"

"I couldn't get near enough to speak before."

"That's a lie! Who are you? I've seen you somewhere."

"You saw me once with Jeek."

She looked at him keenly, and remembered. But he was much altered; in hair, in beard, and in style of dress, quite another person.

"Well, you've seen me. Go about your business!" exclaimed the woman, when she had recalled him to mind.

"My business is with you."

He said this mildly, but then he saw that the woman's temper was rising, and he added eagerly:

"Jeek is playing you false. He has another scheme. See here: He says you're fond of Nell Gardnill. Do you know that a question has been raised about her father's marriage?"

Leela eyed him with contemptuous suspicion as she answered:

"You go back the way you come! I know a good many things."

"Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"And who her father was?"

"I know a good many things."

"Well, you know my name is Gardnill—Jeek told you. But I'm not Nell's father—William Rollick was her father, the same they say was yours. Jeek is playing her against you and you against——"

He paused, surprised at the woman's face. Indian as she was, there was that on her features which betrayed surprise and rage at the revelation he had made. But she said nothing, and he went on:

"Jeek took me there that night to scare me with your claim. I was to get to be Nell's guardian, and then her claim was to be pushed instead of yours. He never intended to do anything for you if he could get hold of Nell."

A low nature is prone to suspicion: Indian nature is pre-eminently so. In a moment Leela recalled a thousand of her own imaginings to support what she was now told. As quickly, she believed the old man's declarations, and burned with anger at Jeek. Priding herself upon her cunning, she was raging with mortification at the way she had been used. To suit her own purposes, as she thought, she had tried to keep Nell and Hombert apart: with infinite pains she had since been working out what she supposed were her own ends, to separate them. Now she saw that every step she had taken had been as much in the interest of Jeek as if he alone had devised it.

She went rapidly into a very fury of anger and mortification. Her passion was too violent for relief by words, yet it must have vent.

She threw herself on the ground with short inarticulate cries. She tore at everything within her reach, and even thrust small dry sticks into her mouth to bite them into fragments.

The old man looked with amazement and some alarm at the storm he had invoked.

But such extravagant ebullition could not last long. The woman was evidently becoming physically exhausted. As abruptly as she had begun, she stopped the wild performance, and sat quite still on the ground, resting elbows on knees and holding her head in her hands.

"What do you care about it?" she suddenly demanded, with new suspicion.

The question came without warning, and the old man was plainly puzzled for an answer.

Nothing escaped Leela's sharp eyes now, and she pressed him quickly:

"What do you want here?"

"I want you to help me beat Jeek! He has been making fools of both of us."

In this honest outburst, the old man had blundered upon the most effective answer possible, for it once more turned the whole affair upon the lawyer's double dealing. Leela's anger at once got control.

"I will!" she cried, and followed it with a string of imprecations upon the lawyer, none of which would grace this page.

"I'll set the young un loose and let 'em find her!" she exclaimed.

For a time it seemed likely that she would hold to this, and simply abandon Nell's child to be recovered. But the old man had grown crafty, and the better creature will prove his superiority even in the stronghold of the meaner, if he gives himself to it. If Jeek could play upon this woman with his clumsy hand, how much more easily might Gardnill! The old man wanted to widen the breach before trusting Leela to the lawyer's arts. Therefore he artfully kept Jeek's treachery before the woman, while he hinted at an active revenge.

But when Leela gave herself to this purpose, as she soon did, the old man had kindled such a savage flame as he had never dreamed of.

The woman wanted nothing more to do with Nell, toward whom she had suddenly conceived a bitter hate. But the child she now meant to make in some way instrumental in her revenge.

The half-breed was hiding in a log cabin that had once been the winter abode of a lumberman's gang. To this place she now conducted the old man.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOTHER AT LAST FOLLOWS HER CHILD.

Meantime some notable events were happening at Hombert's home. The man was still faithful and forbearing with his wife, despite the discouragement which became heavier with each day of its continuance. Nell appeared to be awaiting some news which never came. She had no more confidences with her mother than with Hombert, but a certain nervously expectant air was too strong upon her at times to escape observation.

One thing was very plainly to be seen. Nell's anxieties, whatever they might be, were wearing upon her health as well as her temper. She was in a dozen different moods in a day. Sometimes Hombert fancied he saw a remorseful spirit in her conduct, but no words ever came to confirm his speculation. Generally she was moody and fretful; a very unpleasant companion in the home which she should have made bright by her presence. But no one forgets the duty of cheerfulness more easily or more completely than a jealous woman.

Among the visiting acquaintances of Hombert's family was a woman of tact. She came in one afternoon, evidently charged with information of the general character of a lawyer's previously ascertained points, upon which he conducts the examination of a reluctant witness so as to get out of him everything desired. She spent the time until Hombert's arrival for tea, in the usual way. He was the witness she was going to examine.

When tea-drinking was comfortably under way, the woman of tact got to business in this manner:

"The bane of our society," she observed, "is gossiping. You would be astonished, Mr. Hombert, to know how few people escape being the subjects of this practice. They not only ransack people's present affairs, but go back two or three generations. Why, a lady of my acquaintance actually attempted to tell me something effecting this family sometime back. No one escapes, I assure you. Indeed, I suppose I come in for my share, with the rest."

Nell looked quickly, and with a startled air, from one to another as these remarks were made. Mrs. Gardnill glanced at Hombert with a look which he understood; it meant that he should deal with this demonstration as he thought best—she would await his lead. The woman of tact saw all this, and instantly summed it up in these two words: It's true!

"Madam," Hombert said, after a moment's silence, "will you allow me to dismiss this subject so far as this family is concerned, by saying that I am very fully informed upon the matter to which you doubtless refer, and when the proper time arrives shall be quite prepared to act promptly."

No one listened to this with such intense interest as Nell betrayed—not even the woman of tact.

"Well, I am really glad to hear it," said the woman, who was horribly disappointed at the summary ending of the topic.

Hombert thought it best to strengthen his declaration. He said, therefore:

"I have papers in my possession which determine the matter beyond the possibility of controversy. Let us talk of something else."

Even the woman of tact was unable to see any way of keeping the subject alive after this. It was a very unsatisfactory afternoon's work, on the whole.

That night Hombert suddenly awoke to find that Nell had forsaken her bed. There was a light in an adjoining room, where he had a writing-desk and kept his papers. He called:

"Nell, are you there? What is the matter?"

Some movement in the adjoining room was heard, and then Nell answered:

"I could not sleep. I wanted to sit up a little—I am so nervous. I came here so as not to trouble you with the light."

He fell asleep again almost as she spoke, and forgot the circumstance.

About this time he was very busy with matters pertaining to his troubles. Frequently he was called away from home for a few hours. But he kept his own counsel, and no one questioned him. Mrs. Gardnill, at least, was quite content to trust everything to his judgment.

During the week succeeding the events last narrated, Hombert thought he detected the manifestation of a new disposition in his wife. So far as her conversation and general demeanor were concerned, there was no change; but he fancied that there were about her at times signs of an affection that longed to declare itself openly, but was restrained by some fear. This gave him great hope, and he sought to renew her confidence in a thousand little ways. Still, the manifestations, though they did not cease, increased neither in frequency nor in degree. Some fear—he could not guess what—checked her constantly.

The young man had not forgotten the friendly communication from Forseth, at the time they last met, but there had been no convenient opportunity to follow the advice. In truth, Hombert attached but little importance to it. He had had one experience in the law, and was much more disposed to rely upon himself than upon any legal remedies. Still, it was his habit to neglect no chances, and he thought it due to Forseth's friendly spirit to see the lawyer he recommended, if no more should be done.

Having, then, no more pressing duty one day, he went to Millfield, and called upon the lawyer. A very different man, this, from the one whose aid he sought on the former occasion. An old man, sedate, and very deliberate in speech and action.

Hombert related to him the conversation with Mr. Morrick about the offer through Mrs. Jeek to give him his child if he would go away with it.

"There must be some reasonable motive. Do you know why Morrick or Jeek should want to separate you from your wife?" the old lawyer asked at length.

"Mr. Morrick can have no motive, except that he always disliked my wife's family because of these scandalous affairs in which Jeek has figured. Jeek, you know, has a claim in behalf of the woman who has, or had, my child."

And here Hombert informed the lawyer of such facts as had not become public concerning Jeek's interferences with the Gardnills. He also confided to him the secret of the packet of papers left by the grandmother, and the result of his investigations of the matters therein dealt with. Finally, he told of his interview with Mrs. Jeek when she first put him on the track of the stolen little one.

"That was her own act. This last offer through Morrick was the act of her husband," the lawyer said, and then fell to thinking.

When this process was finished, the old gentleman was fully prepared to advise.

"Two ways are open to you, Mr. Hombert," he said. "If you should at once act in the matter confided to you by Mrs. Gardnill's mother, and if it is in the condition you represent, I do not doubt that you would destroy the motive for keeping your child from you, or seeking to drive you away. That is Jeek's motive. But I cannot say how completely the Indian woman is under his control, or what she might do. Therefore I advise you to proceed in the one other way that is open. You can prove Morrick's action, of course?"

"Mr. Forseth heard all the conversation."

"He might not like to testify, being Morrick's partner."

"He told me he was a witness to it."

"Did he guess how we should proceed?"

"Indeed I can't say."

"It will be very serious—a criminal prosecution."

"Against whom?"

"All of them—Morrick, Jeek and the Indian woman. For conspiracy."

"But Mr. Morrick was only proposing to get the child for me," said Hombert, in surprise.

"He will have an opportunity to prove that he was an innocent agent, if he can. We only know that he tried to make a bargain for the conspirators who stole your child."

"This is very serious. Still, I believe Mr. Forseth will testify willingly."

"I think so, too. I know him well. But we must look to all the chances."

"Will it be necessary to include Mr. Morrick?" asked Hombert, for he had some compunctions about so harsh a proceeding.

"Do you want to recover the child?"

"Certainly—at any hazard."

"Then perhaps you had better wait till your chances are better before you throw any away."

"I hardly understand."

"Why, the Indian woman wouldn't care for the prosecution even if we had her in custody. Jeek, I am afraid, would care little, unless he were locked up. But with Morrick it is different. If he could avoid this prosecution by producing the child, he would do it at almost any cost. That is what we want—to get hold of the child. We can't find it as long as the Indian chooses to run in the woods with it. Somebody who acts with her must be made to find it. Morrick is the man, if he really knows anything about it. At all events we will make him try."

"Very well, sir. I am content," Hombert said.

"Shall we move at once, then?"

"The sooner the better, sir."

"This is Friday. Suppose you come here next Tuesday morning by nine o'clock. I will have all ready, and you can make the complaint."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At the Right Time.

BY A. L. S.

The case pending before our court interested the people deeply. A few months previously Jacob Ames had died, leaving property to the amount of fifty to sixty thousand dollars, all of which was readily available. At first it was supposed that the old man—he was eighty-seven—had died without having made a will. His direct and only legitimate heirs were two orphans, both girls—children of his only daughter. One of them was a cripple, requiring the almost undivided attention of the other, and both were beloved by all who knew them.

While people were feeling glad that the orphan sisters were to be thus grandly provided for, a man named James Arnold presented a will for probate, said to be the last will and testament of Jacob Ames, made several years before. This Arnold was a nephew-in-law of old Jacob, the child of a wife's sister, and had for several years been employed as business agent of the deceased; and when he caused the will to be presented, he produced a number of witnesses who declared that they had often heard old Ames say that he had made the only will he should ever make, and that James Arnold was his heir; and, what seemed to make the matter sure, two witnesses to the will, former servants of the testator, swore point-blank to having seen Ames place his signature to the document, after which they signed their own names. Honest people shook their heads at this; for these two witnesses—a man and his wife—were not above suspicion. In fact, it was generally believed that a small sum of ready money would buy them body and soul.

I entered the court late in the afternoon of the third day, just as the last witness was about to leave the stand; and this witness was Thomas Cloudman, the servant just alluded to. He had been questioned by a juryman, and had made a plain statement. Everything was against the poor deserving orphans, and all in favor of the despised nephew. In fact, no honest man, under the evidence, could have brought in a verdict against Arnold's claim.

The juryman who had questioned this witness sat at the end of the box, and close by him, among the spectators stood Harvey Goodrich, an old maker of paper, engaged at Portland. I had known him years before. The juror held the will in his hand, open; and Goodrich cast his eyes upon it. I saw the old paper-maker start and tremble.

"Let me look at that!" I heard him whisper, for I stood close by.

The juror, without considering, handed him the document; and before the counsel could interpose and regain it, Goodrich had seen all he desired, and his first movement, after relinquishing the will, was to hasten to the side of the orphans' attorney and whisper, hurriedly and excitedly, in his ear. I saw the attorney, whose name was Shipman, bend his head attentively, and then start to his feet. What was it? In those few brief moments the whole audience had caught the fever of excitement, for it was clearly evident that something of importance was on the tapis.

"May it please your Honor," said Shipman very quietly—so calmly and so quietly that we feared it could be nothing of importance, after all—"I must ask the indulgence of the court. I wish to present new and important testimony."

There was a slight war of words between the opposing counsel, after which, by permission of the court, the old paper-maker took the stand. He gave his name, residence, occupation, etc., and then Mr. Shipman placed the will in his hand.

"Mr. Goodrich, will you please examine that document?"

"I have done so, sir."

"What is the written date of that will?"

"*September 5th, 1841*," answered the witness, reading from the instrument.

"Now, Mr. Goodrich, will you please inform the jury, and the court, if you observe anything else, in or upon that paper which you hold in your hand, that would possibly effect the reliability of that written date. Make your own statement, in your own; only make it concise and clear."

"Your Honor, and the gentlemen of the jury," commenced the witness, "this piece of paper which I now hold in my hand was manufactured by myself, and was calendered upon a machine of my own invention. The water-lines, in place of the ordinary blue ruling, was included in my improvement. You will also observe, upon close inspection,—though the ink upon the surface has somewhat obscured it—my own stamp in water-marks. Your Honor can examine it for yourself."

The judge took the document and held it up against the strong light; and involuntarily he read aloud, so as to be heard by all in the room, for every breath was hushed—"*H. Goodrich's Patent, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Three!*"

"Yes, your Honor," broke in Goodrich, whose professional integrity was now in the balance, "I can solemnly swear that that sheet of paper was not made until at least two years after the date of the instrument which has been written upon its face."

The paper was given to the jury, who were all upon their feet.

Arnold's counsel demanded to see it. Mr. Cloudman and his wife got up, and tried to leave the room; but were prevented. Judge and bar were in a state of ferment; while the dense audience swayed to and fro in painful, eager suspense. Would this old man's testimony have its legitimate weight?

Ah, how could it be otherwise! There was a witness more potent to an intelligent court and jury than speech of tongue. The contested will bore in its very inmost heart—in its "heart of heart"—the emphatic evidence of the base lie upon its written face. Other witnesses were called—one paper maker, and two paper-dealers—but the thing was settled. The water-lined date of the paper was evidence enough. A little while, and the judge gave his charge—about as brief a charge as I ever heard. A little longer, and we knew that the orphans were the true and legally established heirs to Jacob Ames' fortune.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Suffice it for me to say, that the perjured parties were severely punished, while the sun of joy and gladness cast its gracious beams upon the beloved and deserving sisters.

FACETIÆ

"An Old Friend"—An aged Quaker.

"A circular saw"—Going round to see the sights.

The business of baking and tanning began with the first July sun.

Even butter is not strong enough to stand the melting weather.

The days are getting shorter—another proof that "time is money."

A board-yard differs in several essential respects from a yard of board.

There is no evidence that conclusively shows the Dog Days have anything to do with sausage as an article of diet.

There is nothing more eloquent of burning desire and lack of opportunity, than a lot of unsold fireworks on a street stand.

Every boy knows that even the worm will turn if trodden upon, and therefore, perhaps, uses as many of them as possible for bait.

An inevitable consequence of the thermometer's rise is man's increasing contempt for the general incapacity and treachery of paper collars.

It is an unquestionable truism that most people learn by experience, but only by experience. The same woman seldom lights the kitchen fire with coal oil a second time.

Very few tramps are taking a European tour this summer. They are, as usual, however, taking on the European plan whatever they happen to find lying loose around the country.

The proverb says the devil is not so black as he is painted. With regard to the "devil" usually rampant in printing-offices, he could hardly be made any blacker if he was painted.

Judge Davis, who is something like eighty inches around the waist, generally gives his tailor three months notice when about to order a new pair of breeches, and by this means prevents a famine in the cloth market.

It is in the power of the soda water clerk if he chooses to create the bitterest disappointments and most vindictive hate in the human breast, or to become a benefactor to his kind. All he has to do is to watch the customer's eye.

There may be certain medical differences between a single cat in a fit and a couple of them in a fight, but it amounts to about the same thing if they each happen to select the flower-plot in the front yard as the scene of their activities.

A peculiar fact about ice cream is that if a young couple enter a saloon and allow seven or eight plates of the mixture to thaw under the constant manipulation of spoon and tongue, it will thaw the youth's pocketbook in precisely the same ratio, but not with such satisfactory sensations or results.

There are about thirty thousand hornets in a first class breeding establishment of the race, and those who have suffered any dread that picnics to the woods hereafter would lose any of their interest or liveliness from this source, may be reassured by these figures that such is not likely to be the case.

The Italians say there is a skeleton in every house. Most commentators are of the opinion that they mean the cellars of newspaper offices, and that the remark has something to do with the mysterious disappearances of young poets and amateur jokers who come to tell the editor the funniest thing he ever heard.

We confess there is something terribly suspicious in seeing an unkempt, wild-eyed and hunted-looking man rushing desperately around a room with a tablecloth or otto man in his hand, striking madly at the air or slobbering the wall with ferocious malignity, but for all that, before inclining to the jim-jam hypothesis, it would be only fair to examine the circumstances according to the theory of mosquitos.

Many husbands these Sundays refuse to leave the house and go to church, on account of the heat, and yet are only too ready to slip around the corner for their beer. This manifest inconsistency too often furnishes the female head of the house an excellent excuse for bitter reflections and animadversions generally on certain peculiar weaknesses and oddities of the masculine nature. The whole subject is a strange one, and there seems no clear way out of the difficulty, excepting to get in a stock Saturday night.

The good wife should resemble three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail, always in her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry everything she has upon her back. Second, she should resemble an echo, to speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Third, she should resemble a town clock in keeping good time and regularity, but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear.

A Careless Diet, a Change of Water, or a Cold settling in the Bowels, very often brings on at this season of the year an obstinate Diarrhœa, or some other troublesome Affection of the Stomach or Bowels. If you would treat such complaints in a rational way, try at once Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a simple but safe remedy for them, and equally effectual in all cases of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint.

THE FORESHADOWING.

Some thought flies, day by day,
Of coming rest,
As birds that far away
Seek their true nest;
'Tis but a feeling, yet
It sounds within,
That all sad hours will set
And joy begin.

We know how much we feel
Wearied, yet sure
That all pain can reveal
Returns no more;
That like a journey done,
The tired feet
Shall, with the fading sun,
Find rest complete.

We toil on, day by day,
For others' good,
To find ourselves astray,
Misunderstood;
And still the thankless task
Goes on each hour,
And all that we can ask
Is grace and power.

Grace to contend with wrong,
And power to toil;
To lift, though worn, a song
Above the soil;
And when our earthward gaze
Sees rocks and scars,
Our upward glance we raise
To worlds of stars.

And oft the good we do
For others here
Is ever kept in view
And held most dear.
The aftertime shall show
Its fruit to thee,
Whose faith and love could throw
Bread on the sea.

And music to the soul
Sings soft and low,
That, under time's control,
All troubles go:
That here where shadows fall
Toward darkest night,
That there the voices call
To cloudless light.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

"Your looking-glass would give you a very fair description," replied he, without looking at her.

She frowned slightly, and then dismissed her anger as unfounded. After all, many a man had paid her compliments; why should she resent this one in particular?

"Here is the spot you mean," she said quietly, pointing to a broad dark pool, which seemed almost a resting-place in the centre of the stream. There had been a good deal of rain for the past few days, and the river was much swollen. Here and there it rose above its banks.

About a yard distant from the edge of the meadows on which they stood, where Warrenne set vigorously to work to prepare his rod and choose his choicest fly, a large stone rose high in the stream, and, being flat, formed a secure standing-place.

"I think," said Katherine, pointing to it, "if I stood there, I could see you better, and be nearer to you."

"That would be an advantage to me," he remarked calmly, without removing his eyes from his fly book; "in a minute or two I will put you there."

"If you jump on to it, and give me your hand, I can spring there easily," said she.

"I doubt it—it is farther than you think. Better let me carry you across; my boots—that you so admired a while ago—will prevent my getting the least wet."

"No, I need not give you all that trouble. I can manage so much, I fancy; you forget I am not a town young lady, unequal to any exertion."

"It would not give me any trouble," he said—"on the contrary, it would be a pleasure. And, if you were to jump short and get wet, I should never forgive myself. Besides, think of the dreadful scolding I should receive from Mr. Blount."

"I don't think you would," remarked Katherine dryly. "Come, how long you are arranging your flies! I shall think you a mere tyro in the art. But you do not hurry."

"When you speak to me in that tone, you make me tremble, and all my skillful knots come undone. Now I believe I am ready at last."

"Then help me over," she exclaimed.

"You won't let me carry you then?"—persuasively.

"No, thank you. I would not let you imagine me so helpless."

"The risk be on your own head!" cried he; and, springing to the rocky stone in question, he stretched out his hand to her.

It was a considerable distance, but Miss Blount cleared it successfully, and landed high and dry beside him.

"Now go back to the bank, and try your luck," she said.

"Is one ever lucky when overlooked by a woman?" asked Warrenne ruefully. "I feel as if the eyes of Europe were upon me, and know I shall sink for ever in your estimation as a distinguished pupil of Izaak Walton."

"Don't be shy," said Katherine, "or frightened. I promise I won't upbraid, even though we return empty-handed. Indeed I think I would rather the poor little things should escape."

"I know a man who went out nine times with two girls of his acquaintance, fishing—very pretty girls they were too—and not one fish did he catch during the entire time. On the tenth day he went alone, and caught three dozen; and of course they didn't believe it, and said he bought them. They used to chaff him awfully about it, and tell every one in an innocent way that they adored going fishing with Captain Browne, because he never hurt their feelings by killing anything. If I am equally unfortunate to-day, you must promise not to laugh at me. If you do, I will never forgive you."

"I will make no rash promises. When the ninth day comes, I shall decide on my conduct."

"Do you mean that you will come fishing with me for nine days? If I thought that, I fancy I should order a new suit. I am not sure, but I think I should."

"I would not encourage extravagance for the world. But I don't mind going fishing with you now and then." She had to call out to him pretty loudly now, as he had deserted his first position, and had gone farther down the stream to try his luck elsewhere.

The sluice of the mill-stream had grown old and rotten. It had been trembling to its fall for some time past. The heavy rains of the previous day had given the finishing touch, and with a sudden crash, a dull rattling, it gave way, and down came the water with a rush. Onward it came to where Katherine stood, half frightened, yet hardly understanding—not the danger, certainly, because there was little, but—the discomfort of her position, until the water, covering the stone and rising to her feet, showed it to her.

"Sir Mark!" she cried eagerly.

He had followed his line down the stream, and was unconscious of her situation.

"Sir Mark!" she cried again, this time more loudly; and, looking up, he saw what had happened, and ran to her assistance. The water had overflowed the banks on either side, and the jump that that had been so happily performed a few minutes since was now totally impracticable.

"After all, I shall have to carry you over this time," he could not resist saying, though troubled that the mishap should have befallen her.

"But you cannot come in," cried Katherine in dismay; "you will be wet up to your waist, and——"

"What matter?" said he valiantly, taking off his coat.

"But indeed, Sir Mark, I cannot allow it. If you go to the mill, the old man will send some one to my relief."

"And in the meantime you will stay there catching your death of cold? You must think me very delicate or very chicken-hearted to allow that," said Sir Mark, who had already entered the water, and was wading towards her.

The water near the stone rose high—quite as high as she had predicted. As he reached her, he took her in his arms.

"Tuck your dress well under you," he said, "or it will get into the water, and don't stir, and I will take you safely. Now, supposing you were the miller's daughter, what an infinitely more difficult task this would be than it is at present! How high you are!"

"Do you say that with a view to 'self-support?'" asked Katherine, unable to resist laughing at the absurdity of the whole affair.

"No, indeed. I should not mind carrying you so—for ever."

"I should mind it very much," retorted Katherine. And then the dry ground was reached, and she was gently placed upon it.

"Your poor little feet," said Sir Mark, regarding the wet boots that covered her tiny feet with much compassion, "what can I do for them?"

"Oh, look at yourself!" cried Katherine. "You are dripping! You will certainly catch your death of cold. Do not think of me—I am comparatively comfortable, compared with you. Think only of yourself."

"I could not do that, Katherine," asserted the young man, feeling he would gladly go in again, even up to his chin, if by so doing he could earn permission to kiss the exquisite pitying face raised so tenderly to his. "No; the question is—shall we make for the mill, or run home?"

"Run home," said Katherine; "it is not so very far, and I do not think the miller's Sunday clothes would be becoming to either you or me."

Whereupon they started, and ran for a considerable way through the meadows, scarcely heeding their wet garments, so blithely danced the blood in their young veins.

"I don't think you will come fishing with me again," said Sir Mark, when they stopped to recover breath. "When we started this morning, you little thought there was such a treat in store for you."

"And where are my trout?" asked Katherine, with a comical smile.

"Did I not say I should catch none?" retorted he, with a shrug. "But you must admit it was accident, not want of skill, that came between me and fortune to-day."

"There is always something. If that sluice had never given way, I believe you would have the same story to tell."

"I scorn your insinuations," said he; "but here we are at the house. Now run up stairs directly and change your things, while I beg pardon and the use of his wardrobe from Mr. Blount."

At the Manor they always dined early—that is, about five o'clock; after which between eight and nine, there was regularly laid out a certain meal called "tea"—the most delightfully unceremonious, agreeable meal any one could possibly conceive. All formality was expressly forbidden, everybody took care of himself, tea and coffee, fruit, cold meat, and steaming tea-cakes were blended together in the happiest confusion. During the summer months it was well known throughout the neighborhood that at this particular hour the Blounts were more pleased than at any other time to see their visitors, and many were the merry meetings that took place at the old Manor while the warm weather lasted.

Sir Mark, only too glad of an opportunity that brought him to Miss Blount's side, was in the habit of coming over at least four nights in the week from Warrenne Hall to receive a cup of coffee, and watch Katherine's delicate hands as they moved merrily here and there amongst the gilded china. This summer had been remarkably wet and cold—so much so that the following season, as though ashamed of its comrade's churlishness, had shone out with unusual splendor; and, though it was now the middle of September, the weather was so warm and bright and sunny that one could easily imagine July to have gone astray from its natural place, and turned up again in the heart of brown-mingled autumn.

Warrenne—who had arrived at that unsatisfactory stage of his love affair when a man feels restless and generally uneasy if debarred from a sight of his divinity for a whole day—had strolled over this evening from his place, a walk of about two miles and a half through the surrounding woods and intermediate fields, to see Miss Blount. At her garden gate he met her just setting out for a distant paddock to criticise a certain colt, which she fondly wished might prove "after her own heart."

Now Katherine was at all times slightly peculiar in the point of dress—a peculiarity that at intervals might almost be called odd, not to say fantastical; and to-night, about an hour before Sir Mark's arrival, feeling tired and listless, with nothing to do—Blackwood having gone out after dinner to a neighboring farm upon some business of his uncle's—she had gone up-stairs to an old lumber-room, when, poking here and there in a vague unthinking manner, she came suddenly upon a rich black satin dress of her mother's—fresh and good, certainly, but extremely old-fashioned—which had at once taken her girlish fancy.

She tried it on, it fitted to perfection, almost as though it had been made expressly for her, and, having been originally intended for full dress, leaving the arms and neck quite bare, seemed the very thing for such a warm, enervating evening as the present.

She would go down-stairs and see what Blackwood would say to her when he returned, and, passing through the garden, she stopped to decorate her hair and brooch and belt with some pieces of brilliant scarlet geranium, coming directly, almost immediately afterwards, upon Sir Mark Warrenne in all her new-found bravery.

For a moment the young man was silent, and could do nothing but stare at her, so beautiful, perfect a vision did she appear to him just then, with her gleaming white neck and arms, and delicate laughing face. No matter how old the dress might be, no matter how ancient and out of date, it suited her; its very antiquity only serving to show her off more clearly in the mellow softening twilight, as one of the very daintiest, sweetest, fairest creatures that ever adorned this earth. His fixed gaze brought a faint flush to her soft cheeks; she came hurriedly forward and held out her hand.

"Is it you?" she said simply, but in a tone of unmistakable welcome. He took her hand and held it fast, but still made no answer, being fully occupied in trying to account for the alteration in her appearance. Presently, having submitted to his scrutiny very quietly for a few moments, she spoke again, half coquettishly, half confusedly this time.

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Yes, I have plenty," Warrenne answered, still puzzled, but drawing himself up as though to shake off, at least loosen, the spell that was closed round him; "but somehow to night you are a little different, I fancy—you are changed. Oh"—with a relieved look, and a feeling of inspiration—"you have a new dress on, have you not?"

"No, I haven't," Katherine exclaimed, with a merry ringing laugh; "it is as old as the hills, and has, I am afraid, frightened you. Am I looking very hideous then, or what is it that you stare at me so strangely? Why, I thought"—moving a few yards away from him, and glancing back over her shoulder with indescribable grace at the long trailing skirt behind her—"I fancied that in spite of my smallness, I was looking the very personification of dignity."

"You are looking too lovely," Warrenne told her, coming over to her side, and speaking in a tone of such warm, undeniable admiration that the girl could scarcely fail to feel pleased; while at the same moment an intense mad longing arose in his heart to catch her in his arms and kiss her passionately—an extremely foolish, not to say reprehensible proceeding, which he refrained from putting into execution. "You were going for a walk, Miss Blount," he said presently. "May I come with you?"

"I am going down to the off paddock to see the new colt," she answered, "and you may come with me if you like;" after which gracious permission on the part of the majestic little lady, they sauntered along together through the soft velvety grass.

On one side of them rose a tall quick-set hedge, which effectually shielded from their view a narrow gravelled path that wound its secluded way directly to the house, and from which, about a hundred yards farther on, one had access by a rustic stile in a breach in the hedge into the field where they now were. When they had come into about fifty paces of this stile, Miss Blount stopped suddenly, and glanced up at her companion with a half-amused smile.

"What is it?" he asked.

"My shoe," she answered—"It has undone; the string is loose, and if I go another step it will certainly come off altogether."

"Let me fasten it for you," Sir Mark proposed gravely; and, Miss Blount having murmured that he was "very good," he forthwith went down on his knees and took her beautiful little foot almost reverently in his hand.

It so happened that just at this moment, as ill luck would have it, Blackwood Craven was returning by the small gravelled walk from seeing after his uncle's business, and as he stepped on to the stile, preparatory to entering the field—with the fond hope in his heart, poor fellow, that he should somewhere near the garden meet his cousin Katherine—the following tableau met his eyes.

Sir Mark Warrenne was kneeling on the grass, his fair handsome head bent over Miss Blount's foot as it rested on his knee, while the lady was steadying herself comfortably by leaning her hand on the stooping Baronet's shoulder. The shoe took a very long—in fact, a remarkable long—time to fasten; either Sir Mark was unused to such tasks—as most probably he was—and therefore was awkward in accomplishing it, or else he found his occupation the most agreeable he had ever undertaken, and wished to linger over it—who shall decide?

Certain it is however that two whole minutes elapsed before it was considered safe for Miss Blount to place her foot upon the ground once more; and, when at length it was pronounced ready, Sir Mark, as though unwilling to part with it without rendering it homage, bent down and pressed his lips most fervently to the dainty white stocking that covered the high-arched instep.

Miss Blount first frowned at this little act on the young man's part, after which she smiled and murmured a demure little "Thank you;" and then Blackwood Craven with a groan that was half a curse, dropped down from the stile—whereon he had been sitting quite unobserved by the other two—and advanced rapidly to meet them. The passionate pride of his nature stood him in good stead here, blanching his whole face certainly, but leaving his smile as unembarrassed and pleasant as usual.

"Good evening, Warrenne," he said carelessly, holding out his hand. "I fancied somehow all day that you would be down this evening. I want to speak to you by-and-by about that pointer of yours. Going to see the Duke, Katherine? I hurried back as quickly as I could to accompany you, but now you have Sir Mark it doesn't matter; and it happens very well, as I have some letters to write. But"—with a smile—"do not be longer than you can help, as I want my coffee badly, and, besides, the dew is beginning to fall heavily, my dear;" with which little brotherly speech, and a parting kindly touch upon her shoulder, he went on his way, to all outward seeming perfectly composed.

Perhaps he imposed upon Sir Mark—future events proved that he did, more or less—but on his cousin he certainly did not. She had known him too long not to understand by this time what alone could whiten his brave, handsome face, or cause the hand that rested on her arm when passing to burn with such a dry throbbing heat.

In a moment her whole mood changed; she could no longer chatter and laugh with the man beside her; Blackwood's face interposed, and seemed to forbid it; she felt cold and chilled, and wickedly inclined towards the world in general. She hated Sir Mark, simply because he had offered most kindly to tie her shoe, and she could find nothing else against him just then; she hated the innocent colt that had been the primary cause of all this mischief; she hated herself, in that she allowed Warrenne to hold her foot for even one moment in his hand, and to kiss it—pah, how hateful seemed now the thing that had appeared so harmless a few minutes before!—and she hated Blackwood because—ah, not Blackwood, above all people. Heaven alone knew how little hatred she cherished in her heart for him.

"What are you thinking of?" her companion asked presently, beginning to wonder at the protracted silence.

"Of many things," Miss Blount answered vaguely, not to say unpleasantly; but Sir Mark, being unsuspicious of having offended her in any way, detected no warning in her voice, and went on unwittingly to his undoing.

"Tell me one of them, Tita," he whispered tenderly, so compromising himself as absolutely as mortal man could do.

"Tita," was her pet name, given to her by Blackwood, and one of her own choosing; it was used by him always, no "outsiders" being ever permitted to address her by this soubriquet, Harry Charteris alone excepted, she indeed being deemed worthy to share with him the right of using this title. To hear Sir Mark therefore, who was a comparative stranger, and who besides had been the cause of all the heart-burning a moment ago, using it now stung her to the quick; she turned upon him instantly, imperiously.

"Do not address me in that manner," she said. "Who gave you permission to call me 'Tita?' Not I, certainly. Never dare do it again."

"I beg your pardon," Warrenne replied, just a little haughtily, feeling and looking considerably astonished at this outbreak, as well he might. I had no idea you would have any objections. Will you tell me what I can call you then? 'Katherine?'"

"I think perhaps 'Miss Blount' will be best," she answered, with extreme *hauteur*, born either of her ruffled temper or the new-found satin train that rustled majestically behind her.

After this agreeable finish to their conversation, the remainder of their walk was decidedly the reverse of pleasant, being passed in utter silence; and it was not until they were safely seated at the tea-table that Katherine once more recovered her usual spirits. Having succeeded in making Sir Mark quite as miserable as a man could well be, she changed her tactics most unexpectedly, and raised him in a short time to a far higher realm of bliss than he had ever dreamt of; so that when tea was finished, and they all broke up to go their different ways, Warrenne followed Miss Blount through the pretty comfortable drawing-room into an adjoining old-time apartment—empty, waxed, and wainscoted—until they found themselves alone in the embrasure of a large oak-panelled window that opened casement fashion, and through which the white glimmering moon shone down upon their faces.

The hour and situation were "sentimental," to say the least of it, and Katherine, leaning back in her favorite attitude against the shutter, with soft silver moon-beams lighting up her black dress and fair warm loveliness, looked almost unearthly in her extreme beauty.

"Katherine," said Sir Mark, in a low impassioned tone, and without a word of preface, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

Miss Blount, not dreaming that for the next few months at least he would come to the last scene in his drama, was astonished; she raised her eyes, and gazed with mute bewilderment upon her latest lover, but answer she found none.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HER DELIVERANCE.

BY M. P. T.

On an eminence overlooking the deep, broad river, stood Mary Cliffe and Richard Berger. Mary, dark-eyed and haughty-looking, with her head thrown back and her eyes far over the river. The scenery, however, seemed to have no charm for Richard Berger. His steel-blue eyes were fixed upon his companion's face, and his hands were tightly clenched, as though his thoughts were far from pleasant. He stood secretly admiring the fine profile of her face, as she dreamily viewed the beauties around her, when suddenly, without turning her head, she said, "Is my face a pleasant study, Mr. Berger?"

"How do you know I have been looking at you?" he inquired, almost savagely.

"Oh, I can always tell when any one is looking at me—some sort of attraction, I suppose. Consult your philosophy, Mr. Berger, and see;" and with a careless laugh she turned away.

"Wait, Miss Cliffe; would you not like a trip on the river before sunset?" And he pointed down to the shore where a small boat lay.

"Oh, yes, by all means!" said Mary, flashing a delighted glance out over the smooth water, but unobservant of the strange look in her companion's dark face.

"Come, then," said he.

In a few moments they were gliding among the tree-shadows near the shore; and Mary, in her passionate love for the beautiful, abandoned herself to the full enjoyment of the scene.

The crimson paled in her cheeks as she watched the gloomy rower, who, after a few strong sweeps of the oars, sent the boat farther from shore, and then, letting the oars hang idly on the sides, returned her gaze with interest.

"I know you are quick-witted, Miss Cliffe, and have no doubt that you can guess what I would say. I told you once before that you are the only woman in this wide world that I ever cared for. Possibly you remember. And I remember how you hurried from me as though Richard Berger were some monstrous creature who would link your fate with his."

Mary Cliffe listened quietly, and with seeming calmness; but in her heart she feared this gloomy, passionate man, and deeply regretted having accompanied him at all. Then, with an effort, she said, "Mr. Berger, please turn the boat, and take me back. The sun is almost setting, and I have no wish to listen to you."

"I know that. I know well enough that you care to hear no love-speeches but those which you hope some day to hear from Murray Lloyd's lips. But listen to me one instant, Mary Cliffe. Promise to be my wife, or yonder rapids shall engulf you as well as myself, and I will hold you in my arms until death takes us both. The time is short; speak quickly!"

Mary Cliffe's eyes had followed where his finger pointed, and she saw the turbid rushing waters beyond; noted how the little boat was increasing its speed; and the fierce, determined look in Berger's eye, and she knew he would do as he said. A look of despair crept into her beautiful eyes as she asked, in quick, earnest tones, "Would you murder me, Richard Berger?"

He made no answer, save to glance expressively at the roaring rapids, and again fastened his gleaming eyes on her face.

Still no thought of saving her life, by promising what he asked, ever entered Mary's mind; so, making no answer, her dark eyes searched the shore. Suddenly, her face brightened; she sprang to her feet, and, though the boat rocked fearfully, she stretched out her arms, and gave vent to her terror in a wild cry for help. A horseman on the river's bank stopped and looked. He saw the waving hands, and heard once more the appealing cry. The next instant he was in the water, swimming hastily towards the boat.

Then Berger sprang from his seat with a wild exclamation, and catching Mary in his arms, threw himself into the water. The waves closed over them, while Mary Cliffe struggled to free herself from his cruel hold, which at length she succeeded in doing. Gasping for breath, she rose to the surface; but again those fierce hands were upon her, and in Berger's arms she was going down to death, and then she knew no more.

When Mary Cliffe's dark eyes opened again to life she gazed around her in utter bewilderment. She was lying on a comfortable bed; a kind, wrinkled face bent over her; and the autumn moonlight was creeping over the room.

One by one, the incidents of the trip on the river, and nearness to death, came back to her mind; and her heart began to throb heavily in her excitement, as though it would leap from her breast. Just then she heard voices near the half-open door.

"You say she has recovered from her swoon. Does she seem likely to suffer any illness on account of her excitement.

Mary's throbbing heart grew almost still; she knew Murray Lloyd's voice at once. Then the voice that had sounded at her bedside made reply, "Oh, no, sir. After a little sleep she will be perfectly able to return."

"Ah, poor young thing! she was too sweet to die in that manner. How glad you must be that it was your hand that saved her, sir!" were the next low-toned words that Mary heard, but they turned her dizzy with joy.

Murray had saved her, then! Oh, if he only considered himself as blessed to be able to save her as she considered herself at being saved by his dear hand.

The next day Mary went back to the hotel with her aunt, and was soon receiving the congratulations of her friends on her safety.

"Oh, Mary, how frightened I was when Mrs. Wilson came up and told us that you had fallen into the river, and were then lying down at Mrs. Hilton's little cottage!" exclaimed Jane Birchard, one of Mary's best friends. "And, Mary, they found Mr. Berger's body, and it's lying down in the cottage. I have wondered greatly how it came that he did not save you, he was such an excellent swimmer. How did it happen? Did the boat upset?"

Clasping Jane's little hand in hers tightly, Mary told the story of Berger's attempt to force a promise of marriage from her, and his vow to drag her with him to death. When she finished, Jane Burchard's face was in her hands, and Murray Lloyd was striding up and down the room, his chest heaving and his lips compressed.

"I knew he was a bold, bad man, but I never dreamed him capable of such deeds. His wealth gave him admission to society; and, oh, Mary Cliffe, if only I had warned you as I often longed to do."

"I thank heaven that my life is spared, however, Mr. Lloyd, and it is to you I owe it. I am powerless to tell you half my thankfulness to you."

"I do not wish you to try to explain, Miss Cliffe," and a sad smile broke over his lips. "I cannot express my thankfulness that mine was the hand that saved you; so we are equal;"—and with an earnest glance from his eyes he left the room.

Early next day Mrs. Cliffe, Mary, and Jane Burchard, were riding in the carriage home. The two young ladies looked out upon the familiar scenery as they passed along the road near the river, and suddenly Jane noticed a change in Mary's face.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered.

"There," whispered Mary, "is the place where Berger was drowned."

Jane's eyes grew earnest and sad as she gazed, and presently, looking first over her shoulder at Mrs. Cliffe dozing behind them, she said, softly, "How much you must think of Mr. Lloyd, Mary! He saved your life—and I know he cares a great deal for you."

"Hush, Jane, you are foolish. Mr. Lloyd has another besides me to care for and think about."

Mary had spoken audibly, and pain awoke in her heart, and its wailings disturbed her fearfully.

"No such thing, Mary Cliffe, my brown-eyed beauty. Murray Lloyd is coming to see you as soon as we get home again."

Mary's face was all ablaze as her aunt sat up and spoke those laughing words.

"Why, Aunt Cliffe! What do you mean?" exclaimed Mary.

"I mean that Murray Lloyed confessed to me his resolve to win you if he could, and he has my permission to do so. And, dear me, I hope you won't refuse him, Mary!"

Mary turned her face from her aunt's searching merry eyes.

"Oh, he does love me then! he does love me!" she cried over and over to herself.

So it proved; for three months after that Mrs. Cliffe was smilingly receiving Mary Lloyd's wedding guests, and Jane Burchard was kissing Mary Lloyd's crimson cheeks as she helped to dress her for the elegant reception.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

RICE GLUE.—The fine Japanese cement is made by mixing rice flour with a sufficient quantity of cold water, then boiling gently, with constant stirring.

LIQUIDS MADE SOLIDS.—Dissolve muriate of lime in water until it will dissolve no more; make also a similar solution of carbonate of potash; both will be transparent fluids, but if equal quantities of each be stirred together they will become a solid mass.

SIBERIAN HARES.—A pair of Siberian hares has arrived at the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris. The peculiarity of these animals is, that they are gray in summer and white in winter. The French naturalists want to ascertain what effect the temperate climate of France will have on this change of color.

LEAD AROUND JOINTS.—Many mechanics have been sorely tried when pouring lead around a damp or wet joint, to find it explode, blow out, or scatter, from the effects of steam generated by the heat of the lead. The whole trouble may be remedied by putting a piece of rosin, the size of the end of a man's thumb, in to the ladle and allowing it to melt before cooling.

THE MICROPHONE.—The microphone of itself cannot, of course, produce sound; but what a world of sounds there is at present undistinguishable by the human ear, which it makes manifest! The impinging of a ray of light on any body, the growth of a tree, the rise of the sap in a plant, the flight and breathing of minute insects, the flow of the blood in the veins, the passage of the air in the lungs, the combination of chemicals—all of these may be rendered distinctly audible to the human ear.

TEST FOR DIAMONDS.—A member of the French Institute has given this test for distinguishing colorless gems from diamonds: If a person looks through a transparent stone at any small object, such as the point of a needle or a little hole in a card, and sees two small points or two small holes, the stone is not a diamond. All white, colorless gems, with the exception of a diamond, he held, made the object examined appear double. In other words, double refraction, whenever exhibited by a stone, is proof conclusive that it is not a diamond.

HOME-SICKNESS A DISEASE.—Most people have a notion of what home-sickness is, many have suffered from it, but it has been left to a distinguished French physician to classify it as an actual disease. Its symptoms are that the patient becomes sad and moody, forbears to eat, retires to weep alone, and gives himself up to reveries of home. In the second stage, he wears the aspect of ill-health, suffers from headache and sleeplessness, and, should the disease advance, delirium, prostration, and decay set in, terminating in death. It seldom attacks old folks or children, and is most common among young recruits in an army. Instances of the verer stages are very rare.

EFFECTIVE SCARECROWS.—Take two small cheap mirrors, fasten them back to back, attach a cord to one angle, and hang them to a pole. When the glass swings, the sun's rays are reflected all over the field, although it be a large one, and even the oldest and bravest crow will depart precipitately should one of these lightning flashes fall on him. The second plan, although a terror to the crow, is especially well suited to fields exposed to the inroads of small birds and even chickens. It involves the artificial hawk made of a large potato and long goose and turkey feathers. The maker can stick the feathers into the potato so that they will resemble the spread wings and tail of a hawk. It is astonishing what a ferocious bird of prey can be constructed from the above material. It only remains to hang the object by the tail from a bent pole, and the wind will do the rest.

A CUBIC MILE OF HUMANITY.—According to the orthodox chronology the world has been inhabited about 6,000 years, or 170 generations. Its present population is about fifteen hundred millions; but this density of population must have been slowly reached, since all are descended from an original pair. Consequently we may take half the number of the present seven hundred and fifty millions, as the average population of the world from the beginning until now, making the aggregate of human bodies during the 170 generations, 127,500 millions. Since many die in infancy, and half are women, the average weight of each body is to be taken as seventy-four pounds. The aggregate weight of all mankind to date is then 4,212 million tons, or a little more than the weight of a cubic mile of sea water, this estimated 4,212 million tons of humanity would fill the same space as 4,205 million tons of sea water, or precisely one cubic mile.

FEMININITIES.

Successful love takes a load off our heart and puts it on our shoulders.

Some women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion for it.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

'Tis well enough for an attractive wife to have a repulsive husband. The rose isn't quite complete without its thorn.

At a picnic where two fellows are flirting around the same girl, she shows her preference by sending the other fellow to the spring for water.

Love is deaf as well as blind. If it was not, how could the tendrils of a woman's affections wind themselves about a man who talks through his nose?

A cynical writer asks when women will cease to make fools of themselves. Probably when men cease to admire and love fools more than women of sense.

We have sometimes wished that maidens might always dance exactly like the Graces and the Hourls—that is, only with one another, not with the gentlemen.

They met—that is, she went to the store, And made him turn his department o'er Till he vanished behind the goods, and then She pleasantly said she would call again.

In England the women always purchase the groceries and provisions for the family. If a man should attempt such a thing, some housewife would pin a dishcloth to his coat tail.

Mrs. Pepper asked, rather sharply, "Do you think that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" And the gallant philosopher replied: "Certainly not; it is a good thing, and she shouldn't lose it."

A strongminded woman in New York was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly that she had to scream every time she looked at him.

An old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of more than one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the fact that one of the questions on every insurance paper is, What is your age?

A man in New York seeks only a limited divorce from his wife, though she has poured boiling water down his back, seared him with a hot iron, shot at him with pistols, and wounded him with a carving-knife. His love of self is small.

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's snowy brow, caught a severe cold. The lady who had a spark in her eye is now suffering with a match in the other. The gentleman who was devoured with love's flame recovered when his lady love threw cold water on his proposals.

ABOUT BABIES.—Different countries have different methods of dealing with their young. The Greenland baby is dressed in furs, and carried in a sort of pocket in the back of his mother's cloak. When she is very busy and does not want to be bothered with him, she digs a hole in the snow, and covers him all up but his face, and leaves him there until she is ready to take care of him again. The Hindoo baby hangs in a basket from the roof, and is taught to smoke long before he learns to walk. Among the Western Indians the poor little tots are tied fast to a board and have their heads flattened by means of another board fastened down over their foreheads. In Lima the little fellow lies all day in a hammock, swung from a tree top, like the baby in the nursery song. In Persia he is dressed in the most costly silks and jewels, and his head is never uncovered, day or night, while in Yucatan a pair of sandals and a straw hat are thought to be all the clothing he needs.

THE account of how a titled Russian lady has discovered to her cost the penalties of expressing in too emphatic a manner her disapproval of her governess' behavior, will, if true, convey a curious idea of some social customs in that country. The Princess Manweloff had a habit of striking her governess, a lady of noble birth, and the latter complained of her to the local justice. In this instance, the law was a respecter of persons, and the Princess was ordered three days detention in her own house. The governess was dissatisfied and appealed to a higher court, which sentenced the defendant to an imprisonment of three months in the common jail.

Envy is frequently the foundation of false reports. There is a jealousy which renders the success of others a provocation of malevolence.

Profusion of civility is almost as objectionable as a scant measure of it. The one is the manners of a dancing-master, the other those of a clown.

Aunt Susanna's 'White Lily.'

CHAPTER I.

HE WOULD BE A KNIGHT.

Lily Gray sat at the open lattice-window of their pleasant new country home; she had a great pile of doll's clothes around her, and was softly singing "Pretty Star" as a lullaby to the waxen baby in her arms.

There was scented honeysuckle and monthly roses all about, and a low buzz, buzz in the air. Altogether, it was very pleasant to the little town girl; pleasant to the twins—turning, tumbling and rolling on the grass plat outside; pleasant, no doubt, to Aunt Susanna, who sat keeping guard over them, knitting thick, warm-looking red woollen stockings, by way of reminder that winter and chilblains were to come; and pleasant to the bobtailed cat, and the big curly-tailed dog, that stretched his idle body, thinking and winking in the sunshine.

Mat was lying full length on a big rug near Lily's feet, his untidy boots sprawling every way, but his elbows and eyes firmly fixed on the open pages of a large tattered volume before him. It was a delightful book he had but lately come into possession of, full of quaint old pictures and high-flown stories, such as boys love. It was rich with tales of those fabled days when everybody was a knight, and had adventures and fought with every other knight about nothing in particular, and everything in general; when dragons, breathing fire and flames, were quite common objects, and in the habit of snapping up unprotected damsels for dinner; and when the said unprotected damsels always took walks in lonely forests, and were as invariably carried off by recreants, and rescued by princes.

"I say, Lil, stop—do, for patience sake, stop that drone. How's a fellow to listen to the Lady of the Tearful Eyelids, with you moaning 'How I wonder what you are?'" Mat cried impatiently, dashing aside Thomas Tibby, as it stepped gingerly over his arm.

"But you don't talk, and it's so quiet and sleepy here;" said Lily, yawning in a very doleful fashion.

"Sleepy! You should read about the Knight of Steel."

As Mat sat up to rub his elbow, which was cramped, he continued, still staring down at the book:

"I only wish I'd lived a thousand years ago; talk of living now; what's its worth, I wonder? There's pa goes poking every day to see a parcel of sick old people and squeaky children, and comes home and mixes powders and pills, and gets up and goes to bed; nothing ever happens—you know nothing ever does."

Lily looked at him with great, wondering eyes, while he continued:

"In those times I should never have had to think of being a doctor some day, but have been page to some noble lady, and tuned her guitar all day, and bye-and-bye I should have been dubbed a knight, and should have been clad in shining armor, and worn spurs of gold. My foes would have turned pale at the name of—what name should I have taken? Every knight had something expressive of his character. Sir Matthew—let's see. Sir Matthew de Grey, knight of—hum! Knight of something."

Lily's eyes then lit up with a bright idea.

"The boys used to call you 'Pippin-Cheek.' How would that——"

"Don't talk rubbish, Lil!" her brother said, most contemptuously, "the worst of you girls, you're so stupid—all of you are—and I think you're the very stupidest one of all."

"I don't know," said Lily.

"No, of course you don't; no girl ever did. Talking as if I were a baby instead of a warrior knight, able and willing to wield a lance and slay all comers, mounted on a war-horse, scenting the battle-field afar, the trumpet proclaiming my advance, while heads and limbs mark my track—'my track of crimson gore!'"

"Oh, dont, how dreadful! What would the policeman say? And, Matthew, take care, you'll upset my cradle."

But Mat was striding up and down the small room, thoroughly warmed to his subject.

"It would have been glorious to live when, in some fierce encounter, I could slay some renowned leader who had dared to mock at my fame. With my good battle-axe I would unarm and hurl him to the earth, and wring from him the confession of his villiany, while the pretty damsel should look on, ready to reward me with the victor's wreath. Men were bound to succor all oppressed damsels, and there were lots to be met with everywhere."

Here Mat stopped, picked up his book, and carelessly sweeping all Lily's treasures off the deep window-sill on to the ground, ensconsed himself in their place; and when the patient little girl, used to his masterful ways, got off her perch to pick them up, he filled all her snug corner seat with his legs, and took no other notice of her mild remonstrance than to to tell her "not to bother." But then, you know, some boys think selfishness is allowable when a little girl is concerned, especially a sister.

So Lily betook herself and family to the rug, while Mat read on silently for a long time, until he closed the book with a bang, and began to rave again.

"I can't see why there shouldn't be knights now as well as those centuries ago; there must be oppressed captives and ladies, just as there were then, if we only can find them. Why should not the old days of chivalry be begun again? It only wants some one to begin it. I tell you what, Lil, I shall practice to be a knight, and I'll learn to fence, and be a champion, like Tristram and Anthony, and I'll stand no idle taunt, and I'll go about and set wrong right. Like Bayard, I'll be without fear. What's fear? no one need feel it; and what's pain? all fancy—a thing to scorn. I wouldn't mind any one——"

Here Mat, waving his arm vehemently, sent his fist crashing through one of the lozenge panes behind him, the hurt of which caused him to utter such an outcry that Aunt Susanna flung her knitting to the winds, and came rushing, scared almost to death, to see what was the matter. It was not a very bad cut, considering the fuss Mat made over it, and the amount of bandaging he considered it needed before he settled down again to his book, still grumbling at his misfortune, as though any one other than his individual self were to blame.

"I thought you weren't going to mind hurts," said Lily, slyly, after the storm had subsided, and Mat sat looking ruefully at his finger.

"Hold your tongue, will you! What do you know about hurts? This is awful, I can tell you; it's made my head ache ever so."

"But you said pain was all fancy, and I want to know if it is."

"Of course it is, silly, but one must practice first; once I have started being a knight, I shan't mind anything, however bad."

Lily made no reply, for seeing Susan pass the window just then with some bread and milk for the little chickens in the yard, she darted out after her. Lily never missed seeing her little pet chicks have their dinner if she could help it.

The next few days Mat stuck to his book and filled his mind with romance. He was a very dull companion for Lily, who could not very well sympathize with his high-flown ideas; but when he changed his mood for a more active one, she was quite ready to play at being a captive princess, shut up in the tool-house. She even submitted to be tied to a post till the gay Sir Matthew should come to the rescue and destroy the fiery dragon, represented by Sam, the big Newfoundland house dog; but when Mat advanced to the charge, with a long clothes prop by way of a lance, Sam, not understanding his own new dignity, flew at him, barking so hoarsely that Mat was fain to run away, soothing him with "poor dog! poor fellow!" Lily laughed so that Mat got quite angry.

"I'll tell you what, Lil," he said next afternoon, "I've got a fine idea. When we go out fishing in the ponds you shall be my page, and do everything I tell you. We'll seek for adventures in the wood, and we won't let anybody know."

"All right, Mat," said Lily, clapping her hands.

He added, loftily:

"Of course I shouldn't want you if there was another boy here (Lily guessed that, but thought he need not have said so); but I'll make you do, as it is. Mind, you must call me Sir Matthew, and I'll call you Lillio; and you shall carry my lance and things."

"Oh! have you really got one? What fun!"

"No, goose, I mean my fishing-rod, and I'll hang my horn around my neck, so as to be able to summon my train if needed; and whatever happens you need never be frightened—pages never were frightened, you know."

"Weren't they?" said Lilly. "Oh! then I won't be; besides, you will be with me, only please don't scold if I'm not quite a good page, because I'm not clever like you, dear," and she tried to kiss him, but he pushed her off.

CHAPTER II.

"ONLY A GIRL."

That afternoon the pair slipped quietly out of the back gate, and started for Ryant's Wood. Sir Matthew had the huge horn slung over his shoulders and an old fencing-foil hung around his waist; but that soon proved an encumbrance, as it was long, and would get between his legs, and almost topple him over every step he took.

Lillio followed at some distance, carrying his long rod strung up according to direction; and wondering what was going to happen, and what her aunt would say if she saw them. They walked some distance, and never met a soul; then she called out:

"I say, Mat—Sir Matthew, I mean—when are the adventures coming? will they be anything dreadful?"

"Silence, page Lillio; we shall meet with adventures presently, and then you shall see what I will do. 'Nothing's dreadful that's honor and glory.'"

He marched along with great martial strides, and Lillio trotted merrily after him, thinking she should like to get rid of the long rod, or lance, but not presuming to say so, for she stood in some awe of her brother in his present mood.

Across the green by the old church railings, then up Half-mile Lane, which led into Ryant's Wood—that charming playground, where the blackberries and nuts grew as thickly in the autumn as the cowslips and primroses in spring, and on the other side of which lay the banks and steep hill side, where Lily had spent many a long summer day gathering grasses and ferns for her collection.

Half-mile Lane was very narrow, and had deep, muddy holes where the wagons had lumbered along, so the pair had to walk on the bank, which was sloping and steep, Mat some distance ahead, for that tiresome rod would catch in the brambles overhead.

"Why, look, Mat!" called Lily, "I declare there's Widow White's tiny mite of a blind child playing all alone in the mud. She is making her frock in a muss. What a shame!"

"Oh! I dare say some of the other children are somewhere; I suppose so, but I don't see them; come on, Lillio, follow me, I say."

Mat strode off along the slippery bank as best he could, but Lily stopped to look back with pitying eyes at the little blind child behind.

"Come on, Lil, do; you girls are such laggards, you never——"

Just then he saw something that made him spring back, clutching at the hazel bushes, and shouting hoarsely:

"Keep back, Lil, keep back, or you'll be run over!"

Up the narrow lane tore a madly startled horse, and at his heels bumped and thumped the shafts of a broken chaise. Mat saw at a glance that Lil was safe; he saw, too, that little black mass right in the road, and shrieked with horror, for as thud, thud, came the hoofs, it never stirred out of the way. He turned and hid his pale face, with a shudder, as Lily screamed:

"Oh, Mat, the poor blind baby!"

Then thud, thud, the horse tore past, so close he almost felt its breath, and was all splashed with mud as he stood crouching; then thud, thud, far off; at any rate, he and Lil were safe, but——

With a sick shudder he looked back to where that little black bundle had been; it was lying by the bank now, not alone, but clutched fast in the arms of Lil, dear brave hearted Lil, who had bounded from her own high perch to drag from the very path of destruction that smiling helpless thing—Widow White's blind baby. He, the would-be knight, had thought only of their own safety. Yet Lily in a general way would not have faced any animal bigger than a dog; she was terrified even at the quiet cows, and had been known to run from a noisy turkey. Mat had often teased her and called her cowardly, but then she was "only a girl;" and now she was quite still and white, unconscious that the arm with which she clutched the child was bruised and bleeding where the shaft had touched it.

Mat knelt by her side in a passion of terror; he thought she was dead, and wrung her hands and cried—"Oh, Lil! oh, my poor little sister Lil! oh, what shall I do?"

It happened most fortunately that Dr. Grey, returning from his rounds, was coming up the lane just as the runaway turned. He was able to stop him, and lead him back meek and breathless, expecting to meet some one to claim the horse. What was his surprise to come upon the little group, and find that it was Mat whose cries had made him hasten his step, and that it was his own dear Lily lying there white and still and hurt.

"Oh! she's dead, she's killed, papa!" moaned Mat, running up to him.

"No, she's not much hurt, I hope and trust," said her father, kissing her fondly as she opened her blue eyes and stared wildly round.

"It's all right, darling, you're safe with papa; can you stand, love? See, I have wrapped up your arm, don't be frightened. I will carry you home soon."

"But where's the poor blind baby? Oh, that dreadful horse! did he touch it?" she asked, anxiously, forgetting her own state in anxiety for the other child sobbing near.

Papa lifted up the little pink lips to his. "I'm glad, I'm so glad!" but the effort has been too much. She lay back and cried as though her heart was broken, and papa let her cry. I am not sure there were not tears in his own eyes. I know there were in Mat's, as she sobbed, with a little smile, "I can't help it, papa; you know I'm only a girl, not brave, like knights and people Mat knows about."

Papa sent Matthew home with the blind child, and wanted to carry Lily all the way back, but she was so afraid of frightening Aunt Susanna that she declared she would rather walk. She was sick, and frightened, and faint, but fortunately not really hurt, though her pretty arm was all black and blue next day. "You know, auntie, if it saved the little child's head I ought to be pleased, and not grumble; think how glad poor Widow White is.

"But child, what spirit possessed you to rush in front of that great galloping horse, you that are afraid of everything on four legs? It might have kicked you to death, dear; I shudder to think of it."

"Oh! I didn't go because I wanted to, but I said, 'the poor little child,' and I asked, 'Please, God, help Lily save baby.' So he did, you know."

"Lily, you're a brick, and I'll never call you a girl again, or think much of myself. I'll certainly be a doctor and not a knight. I am really sorry I called you a girl—I really am, old girl," said Mat giving her a great hug.

"You may call her something worse, and that's a 'rough, thoughtless boy,'" observed their aunt; "but don't talk about it any more now, for I can only call her one thing at present, and that is a very white lily—Aunt Susanna's 'White Lily.'"

"I don't want to be a 'White Lily' long, auntie, hey?" laughed the little maid from the sofa. "What shall I be then?"

"Why, 'Aunt Susanna's sweet Lily,' always and ever. Will that do, little one?"

"Yes," said the child, presently; "Jesus loved the lilies, didn't he? so they'd always be sweet and good. I'm so glad that I have even their name; perhaps He will love me better for it."

PERSIAN LADIES.

The bath is the greatest pleasure and luxury—we might just as well say necessity of life—of the Persian women. They spend a great part of their leisure time there; indeed, the Eastern ladies regard the use of the bath almost in the light of a religious duty. The bathroom in Persia is the temple, the newsroom, the drawing-room, the concert-room, the smoking-room—all in one. The women makes appointments to meet there, and they tattle and gossip away their sweet hours there, sometimes spending eight hours at a time in the carpeted saloon attached to it,—where, in the bath, they tell stories, relate anecdotes, eat sweetments, smoke the narghileh (or pipe,) and embellish their beautiful forms with all the fancied perfections of the East,—dyeing their hair and eyebrows, and curiously staining their fair bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees, birds, and beasts, sun, moon, and stars. The day on which the ceremony of the bath rises into a high religious exercise, according to the Persian women, is "the last Friday of the blessed month of Ramazan;" when, according to their own special etiquette, they "ought to dress superbly, and perfume themselves and put on their best ornaments, and go to the porticoes of the mosques." There they "sit down and stretch out their feet, and every one must light twelve tapers, and in doing this care must be taken to lift the hand high above the head, so as to raise up the veil, as if by accident, and thus display their beautiful faces." All the twelve tapers must be lighted by each maiden, and where one of the tapers is left unlighted, it is regarded as an unlucky omen. "Further, it is not at all necessary that, in lighting the tapers, silence should be observed. On the contrary, lovely women should always let their sweet voices be heard." Such is the law of the Persian sages.

ANCIENT BUTTER.—All the ancient civilized nations, and many of the barbarous ones, understand the art of making butter in a crude way. The ancient Germans were noted for making the article. The Ethiopians used it as food, although they are now said to use it for plastering their hair. Hippocrates states that the Greeks thought the Thracians a curious and wonderful people because they ate butter. Herodotus, describing the Scythians, says: "These people pour the milk of their mares into wooden vessels cause it to be violently stirred or shaken by their blind slaves, and separate the part that arises to the surface, as they consider it more valuable than that which is collected below it." We should suppose it would be, unless indeed, it may have been of the quality we nowadays denominate grease butter. Some of the butter we have been talking about however, was made pretty near to the "golden age." We suppose it must have been golden butter.

It is curious that so many dwellings once the houses of poets should have been public houses at one time or another. Burns' native cottage was a house of this description; the house in which Moore was born was a whisky shop; and Shelley's house at Great Marlow a beer shop. Even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed his sweet Ode to the Nightingale, became an ordinary beer shop. A house in which James Montgomery lived for forty years at Sheffield was a beer shop; and the birthplace of Kirke White is now a place for the retailing of intoxicating beverages.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.—A flower garden should be sunny; soft, rich black loam, and sheltered from the wind.

CHARCOAL AND DAHLIA.—Charcoal put to the roots of dahlias, and other flowering plants, will redden them vividly; flowers nearly white being thus turned to a deep red, sometimes altogether, and sometimes mixed with the lighter hue in half a dozen varieties, from one and the same root.

TOADS.—Don't kill the toads. They are the gardener's best friends, from the fact that they are the mortal enemies of insects and worms that depredate on garden vegetables. Being perfectly harmless, it is far better to carry them into the garden than to injure them, as is so frequently done by thoughtless persons.

SALT FOR STOCK.—If you want to keep your hogs, horses, cattle and sheep healthy, give them salt regularly. There is no better vermifuge than salt. Much of the so-called hog cholera is due to intestinal worms. Plenty of salt would prevent the accumulation of these worms. All animals desire salt, showing that it is a want of their nature, and undoubted for wise purposes.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—The wash used for fruit trees at the government gardens at Washington, is prepared as follows: Put half a bushel of lime and four pounds of powdered sulphur in a tight barrel, slacking the lime with hot water, the mouth of the barrel being covered with a cloth; this is reduced to the consistency of ordinary whitewash; add at the time of application half an ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon of liquid.

A FOUL ATMOSPHERE.—Whatever philosophy may be involved, we know it is not good to milk in a foul atmosphere. The odor will get into the milk and cling to the cream and butter—if not by condensation, by absorption they creep in. It may be that only the gases are taken up or condensed. They may find their way in through condensation, or through chemical affinity, or by mechanical absorption, as a sponge takes up water.

TREE-FELLING MACHINE.—A tree-felling machine, patented in England, has been tried on the Rupell Park estate, where several trees were successfully felled. The machine consists of a saw driven by steam power, and it cuts the timber close to the ground. An elm, two feet nine inches across the cut, was felled in less than four minutes, and another, twenty-two and one-half inches in diameter in the short time of a minute and a half.

EFFECT OF HARD WATER UPON ANIMALS.—Horses have an instinctive love for soft water, and refuse hard water if they can possibly get the former. Hard water produces a rough and staring coat on horses, and renders them liable to gripes. Pigeons also refuse hard water if they can obtain access to soft. Cleghorn states that hard water in Minorca, causes disease in the system of certain animals, especially of sheep. So much are racehorses influenced by the quality of the water, that it is not unfrequent to carry a supply of soft water to the locality in which the race is to take place, lest their being only hard water, the horse should lose condition. Mr. Youatt, in his book called "The Horse," remarking on the desirableness of soft water for the horse, says, "Instinct or experience has made the horse himself conscious of this, for he will never drink hard water if he has access to soft; he will leave the most transparent water of the well for a river, although the water may be turbid, and even for the muddiest pool."

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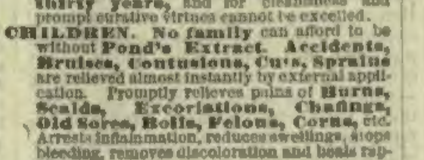

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PHILADELPHIA.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight,
Brave pawns in valiant stand,
The double castles guard the wings,
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sliding through the fight.

Our fingers touch, our glances meet,
And falter; falls your nut brown hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your queen
Rides slow her soldiery between
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done.
Dispersed is all its cavalry,
Full many a move since then have we,
Mid life's perplexing checkers, made,
And many a game with fortune play'd—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone—
That never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then *we* played together!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—*Moore.*

"What will you do love,
When seas divide us,
And friends may chide us
For being fond?"

Only the scrap of a song bowled at the top of their cracked voices by a pair of itinerant musicians, yet it spoke the very words that were rising to the lips of Arthur Dallas, and made him turn with a smile to the bright girl by his side.

It was a fair scene they looked upon—sea, sky and land all bright and glowing in the sweet summer air, with the rays of the golden June sun lighting up everything into fairy-like loveliness—an idyllic morning, and the two in the enjoyment of love's young dream sat wrapped up in each other, regardless of the many passers to and fro, the chatter of the merry groups upon the beach, and the sounds of music from the distant band.

Kingcolm-on-the-Sea is a fashionable watering place now, with baths, and pier, and band, and all the frivolities and flaunty trifles which make it London over again, high prices and scant accommodation included; but in the days when it took its odd name it was only a little hamlet, with a big house in its midst, the name of which was supposed to have something to do with the Jacobite proclivities of its owner.

The house had been rebuilt and altered past all recognition now, and renamed "Whiteladies," people said because two old maiden scions of the Dallas family had lived in it unmarried to their death. Anyhow, it was so called, and it was a peculiar fact that a long succession of maiden ladies had owned the place. It was a spinster who reigned there now, though she was always called in Kingcolm "Mrs. Dallas," and was believed by those who ever gave a thought to the matter to be a widow.

The town had grown in successive years, and stretched away from one side of Whiteladies Park to the sea "in a disgusting manner" Mrs. Dallas was wont to declare. She would like to have had the smart rows of stucco-fronted houses, and the shops, and the pier all thrown into the sea together, and Kingcolm made the same as she remembered it when she was a little child. She would not part with a rood of her land for building purposes, though she was offered fabulous sums for a field or two outside the park, and she waged incessant war with trespassers, till the lives of those who lived just on the boundary of her estate became a burden to them from the species of guerilla warfare she kept up against their children, cattle, &c.

She was reported to be immensely rich, and indeed was almost the wealthiest person in the county, for she lived simply and saw no company. She was entirely in the hands of her servants, having no near relation except Arthur Dallas, her nephew and heir. She was an eccentric old lady, and though she tolerated her nephew, and allowed him to consider Whiteladies as his home, she showed him no special affection. She spoke of him as her heir, and would not allow him to be put to any profession, declaring that the master of Whiteladies would have quite enough to occupy him without any business.

The orphan lad was nothing loth to accept his position. He was not lazier than other boys, and he passed his schooldays and entered college with fair credit. Perhaps he excelled in boating and cricketing more than in his classical studies, and thought more of his outdoor amusements than of his lectures; but he managed to take a fair place, though not a double first, and to satisfy his aunt, who was somewhat of the old school, and did not hold with the modern system of cramming in education.

She sent him abroad for a time. She wanted him to be in every way the equal of the gentlemen with whom he would have to mix, and while he was travelling, being come to man's estate, he fell in love. Neither for rank nor wealth did he adore Mabel Leslie, for she hadn't a penny of her own, and her father, Colonel Leslie, as he was called—though he was certainly not a colonel in the English service—was a man better known than respected.

As is sometimes the case, while the father was a man who notoriously lived by his wits, whom few tradesmen would trust, and whose income and the source of it were alike "unknown quantities," the daughter was a sweet, ladylike, innocent girl, who seemed as though her life had been passed in the poor seclusion of a quiet country town, instead of the discomfort and confusion of Continental boarding houses and hotels. Mabel Leslie had plenty of admirers, but her father had his own views regarding her. She must marry money or someone who could earn it, or keep single.

So poor Mabel was hawked about, and dressed, loathing the thought of the milliners' bills and the duns that she was left to fight, till an unexpected piece of good luck befell her father. A noble friend, tired maybe of his worrying, got him a fairly good appointment in India, and in three months they were to start. Mabel was very glad. There might be a little peace for her then, she thought. Anyway, they would be able to live without the incessant worry of unpaid bills, which were the bane of her existence here.

She thought she could strike out a new life for herself in India; but to the very first days of her pleased anticipation a newer and stronger power came into her heart, and made all blank save the knowledge that she loved and was loved again. Loitering on the banks of the Rhine near Coblentz, under the shadow of the great rock of Ehrenbreitstein, she met Arthur Dallas. It was the old old story that began in Eden, of heart answering to heart; and she went home feeling as though the day had suddenly darkened when he and his friend who had introduced him to her lifted their hats and passed out of sight.

No need to tell here of how they wooed and how the time slipped by. The old proverb says the course of true love never did run smooth; but their seemed a special interposition of Providence in favor of these two young people.

Colonel Leslie smiled upon Arthur as the future owner of a large estate, and Mrs. Dallas, being informed that her nephew had met his fate, replied shortly that he was a fool, but that he was at liberty to do as he liked, provided the young lady was a good and virtuous girl. Further, she expressed a wish to see her—a wish that induced Colonel Leslie to hurry back to England with all speed and take up his quarters at Kingcolm-on-the-Sea.

Mrs. Dallas expressed no wish to see him. Indeed, she told her nephew that she had heard of him, and that was enough; but that she had also heard nothing but good of his daughter, and was prepared to receive her, if she liked her, as Arthur's future wife. She was a capricious old woman, and she did like the gentle, pretty girl that her nephew introduced to her, but she stipulated that there should be no marriage yet awhile.

"You are young," she said, "and the separation will do you no harm. Keep true to each other for a year, and I'll say 'Heaven bless you both, my children.' Go your own wrong-headed way and against my wishes, and I'll wash my hands of you."

A year is not much, and traveling facilities have brought India so near now that they agreed, neither of them believing in their hearts that the probation would last as long.

"Papa will never stay away all that time," Mabel said. "I shall see you before the year is up, Arthur."

"I am sure you will," the young man replied. "If you don't come home I shall come to you, so look out for me one day when English steamers arrive. I shall come upon you suddenly, mind."

"No matter how you come, so you *do* come," she said, and they laughed, the probation seemed so easy, with such a bright future to look forward to at the end of it.

But this summer morning a slight *contretemps* had occurred. A tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had arisen on the horizon of their happiness. It might be nothing, but Arthur laughed at Mabel's uneasiness, as they sat there watching the sea and the groups of people roving up and down on the beach below them. The fact was simply this: Colonel Leslie, who had only seen Mrs. Dallas once, and whose reception at the hands of that lady had been the reverse of warm, had suddenly dressed himself with much care and gone out, saying he was going to call at Whiteladies to see its mistress on important business.

"My darling, there's nothing ominous in that," Arthur said, when he met Mabel about an hour afterwards, and they sat down together in a nook of the rocks they much affected. For Kingcolm had rocks, old and gray, and granite sparkling, with clean gray sand below, over which the water came bright and clear, and dashed over the stones in sparkles of light. Green foliage grew in the clefts, and birds, both of land sea, built in the overhanging masses of stone. A very paradise for lovers was the shore outside the town, and Mabel Leslie and Arthur Dallas loved it with all their hearts. "There may be lots of things your father fancies important that he may want to say to the old lady. Whether she will let him or not is another affair. She is apt to say things more truthful than polite now and then."

Arthur Dallas spoke lightly enough, but somehow or other he shared Mabel's uneasiness. It was a strange thing for the colonel to do.

"He did not tell you what the business was, then?" she said.

"No. He said something, more to himself than me, about finding out the truth. I think it had something to do with a man who came to our lodgings this morning early, and asked for him."

"What sort of a man?"

"A lawyer, for he sent in his card, 'Mr. J. Grigg, solicitor.' Papa said he knew him a long time ago."

"A small man, with short gray hair, and spectacles?"

"Yes."

"Then he was at Whiteladies not long since. I remember both the card and the name. I thought he was a begging letter-writer, or something of that sort, but he saw my aunt, I know, though only for a minute or two. I wonder what he has got to do with it?"

"I don't know. But now the time is drawing so near for us to part, Arthur, I am full of horrible fears that something or other will come between us. I suppose I am nervous."

"That you are. Why, who is to part us, my bonnie Queen Mabel? Have not your father and my aunt both given their consent? Listen to what those two creatures are singing, and tell me what you would do?"

"Do what the song says," she replied, her smiles coming back. "Arthur, I couldn't be false to you if I tried."

"Nor I to you, dear, so set your heart at rest, and don't think about anything coming between us; remember the powers that be are favorable on both sides. Your father likes me, and my aunt likes you, and what more can we want?"

"Nothing, I suppose," Mabel said, but in her heart was the queer presentiment that she could not crush out.

How low her hopes and bright anticipations would have fallen could she have known what was passing at that minute in the library at Whiteladies.

Colonel Leslie had gone out in his stiffest and most stately of moods to pay Mrs. Dallas a visit, and the irascible old lady saw him coming and refused to receive him.

"What does he want?" she said to her toady and factotum, Mrs. Pincher, a spinster, like herself, but also called "Mrs." in extreme respect by her underlings. "I don't like him, Pincher. Send him away."

But this was beyond the abigail's power. Colonel Leslie declared he had come on business that nearly concerned both Mrs. Dallas and himself, and respectfully begged the honor of a few minute's interview with her.

"I suppose I must see him, to get rid of him," the old lady said, testily, when the message was brought in. "Why couldn't he send the girl, I wonder; she's much more pleasant to talk to than he is."

The colonel had had his own reasons for not sending his daughter as his ambassador. What he had come about was no matter for Mabel's ears, and it was a very grave face that he turned to the old lady when, after keeping him waiting for nearly half an hour, she joined him.

She had been busy with her toilette, for she was by no means insensible to the advantages of dress, and old as she was, always contrived to look as effective as many a younger woman. She knew the worth of rich black fabrics and soft white lace, and never admitted any color into her costume. Velvet in winter, and soft silk or satin in summer, was her only wear, and she looked as though she had stepped out of one of Vandyke's pictures as she advanced into the library, whither the visitor had been shown. Her dress fell in graceful folds about her, and trailed on the ground as she walked, and a fichu of priceless lace was crossed over her bosom and tied behind her in a fashion that her friends failed to imitate, though they often tried. A square of lace, fastened only she and Pincher knew how, lay upon her white hair, which was soft and abundant still, in lieu of a cap, and ruffles finished the dress at the wrist.

Her thin hands were covered with black lace mittens, and a diamond ring of great value sparkled on one of them.

Colonel Leslie bowed to her with the reverence her stateliness seemed to exact, and she motioned him to a chair.

"This is an unexpected honor," she said dryly.

"Not unwelcome, I trust, madame," he replied, with extreme suavity.

"I would rather have seen your daughter," was the brusque reply. "But your business is important and private, Pincher tells me. What is it?"

"Most private and delicate," said the Colonel, somewhat abashed by the extreme matter-of-fact style in which he was received. "I come to ask you a question, Mrs. Dallas—I have no right to, perhaps—but I have heard—that is, I thought it possible that——"

He broke down completely in his speech, and she would not help him by so much as a word. She had a vague idea that he wanted to borrow money of her, and she put on her very fiercest manner, thoroughly resolved to refuse the loan of as much as a single halfpenny to her nephew's future father-in-law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW AUTHORS WRITE.

Some authors have rapidly sketched the plan of their intended work first, and have reserved their pains for filling out the details. The great French novelist, Balzac, followed this method. Godwin wrote his "Caleb Williams" backwards—beginning, that is to say, with the last chapter, and working on to the first. Richardson produced his ponderous novels by painfully elaborating different portions at different times. Burton, the author of Anatomy of Melancholy;" the great scholars Barthius and Turnebus; Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" Locke; Fuller, the "witty" divine; Bishop Horne, Warburton, Hurd, and many other kept commonplace books, which may account for the copious and apposite illustrations which enrich their volumes. Sheridan and Hook were always on the alert for bits of brilliant conversation and stray jokes, which they took good care to jot down in their pocket books for future use. The great Bentley always bought editions of classical authors with very broad margins, and put down the observations which might occur to him in the course of his reading—which is the secret of his lavish erudition. Pope scribbled down stray thoughts for future use whenever they struck him,—at a dinner-table, in an open carriage, at his toilet, and in bed. Hogarth would sketch any face that struck him on his finger-nail, hence the marvellous diversity of feature in his infinite galleries of portraits. Swift would lie in bed in the morning, "thinking of wit for the day;" and Theodore Hook generally "made up his impromptus the night before." Washington Irving was fond of taking his portfolio out into the fields, and laboriously manipulate his graceful periods while swinging on a stile. Wordsworth and De Quincey did the same.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Among the new materials of the present season, nuns occupy a more favored and prominent place than fancy woollen fabrics, which show an equally endless variety of color and design, while great originality is displayed in the charming variety of styles in which they are made up. The polonaise, under one of its numerous modifications, is transformed for the time into the Louis XVI. redingote, the princesse tunic, the *habit paysan*, the Watteau, and the Trianon, are among the pretty and dainty styles prepared for the summer season, and somewhat resemble the short puffed paniers worn by Marie Antoinette. With many of these charming short costumes great harmony is observed in all the details of the toilette: the silk stockings are embroidered in colors to correspond with the dress; and with these are worn the Louis XV. shoe, ornamented with bows of ribbon to match. The dresses are made in a style of elegance combining simplicity, consisting of a short skirt trimmed with three flounces of gauze, embroidered, while a scarf encircles the skirt and forms at the back, a drapery of three puffs, the lowest of which reaches to the edge of the skirt; with the corsage is worn a waistcoat, embroidered to match the flowers.

During the summer months there are to be seen a great variety of cotton and linen goods, which in design recall the negligeuses and bourettes of last winter. These are generally made short, and trimmed with narrow lace or embroidery.

These toilettes are unpretentious, but to succeed, they require to be well cut and made with taste. Blue linen, or sort-finished cambric, is also worn, and is trimmed with either Russian lace or embroidery. The laces are frequently worked with color, particularly red and blue. Many of the costumes of white batiste are trimmed with colored embroidery, in which two distinct colors are used, such as gray and navy blue, red and blue, red and straw color, brown and pale blue, and two shades of blue; added to this embroidery, ribbons of two colors are also used, the colors matching the embroidery. I have already mentioned the extreme popularity of white materials in wool, white barege, white India cashmere, and mousseline de l'Inde is another novelty, and is a light, transparent material well adapted to summer wear.

Already we can chronicle the change which has been so long prophesied to take place in the style and shape of our dress. Although it has loomed up for some time in the horizon among future fashions which were inevitably approaching to take the place of the long, close-clinging styles so familiar to us, it has lately made such rapid strides as to assert for itself a place, as well as patronage, with the votaries of Fashion. The first change was in the length of our dresses, and as the short costume has gained a permanent position among popular styles, the next change will be in the breadth or width of our costumes, and a return to the bouffant panier, which has reappeared in the guise of the Trianon dress. These have overskirts with large round wings on the sides, and bouffant backs. The wings, or pan legs, are lined with stiff muslin, or crinoline, to make them stand out slightly.

Full-dress summer toilettes are made in this way, with pale blue Sicilienne basques and paniers, edged with Mechlin lace; these are worn with a skirt of cream white gauze striped with satin, and trimmed with embroidery. Some of these dresses have Watteau pleats in the back of the overdress, and others are made with a Marie Antoinette fichu. The styles are very similar to the bouffant dresses worn ten years ago, when paniers and short dresses were in vogue. White Swiss muslin short dresses are made with the short round wing-like paniers, and a pointed shawl-like drapery in the back. The skirt in front has kilt-pleated breadths, while the demi-trained back is merely trimmed with pleatings edged with Valenciennes lace. With this butterfly style of overskirt is another new one called the Curtain overskirt, which in drapery resembles that of a curtain, and is charming adapted to combination costumes, or black silk. For the latter, the three or four back breadths form the train, and may be looped up by tapes fastened underneath, producing a slightly bouffant effect. On the edge of this back is a narrow knife-pleating, which also extends up the sides to the waist. The three short breadths which form the front are trimmed with two or three wider pleatings, which represent a petticoat; the drapery, which may be of brocade, is formed by two breadths which descend from the belt in front, and slope toward the sides, where they are caught high up under the narrow knife-pleating which trims the sides. The edge is simply trimmed with lace or fringe, while down the centre of the front is a full jabot of lace mingled with loops of ribbon.

The Trianon style is also adopted for costumes of chintz, Indienne cottons and fine colored cambrics. These are made with the butterfly or curtain overskirt, edged with embroidery or lace. The front breadths are trimmed with two pleatings, and the back is bouffant. With these, a dainty Marie Antoinette fichu is worn, or another form of fichu is square, in the handkerchief shape, with a gay colored border, and is loosely tied in front. Among some of the latest fantasies of dress made in this style, are costumes composed of gay colored handkerchiefs, generally of foulard, in which the centres have a small chintz design, and the borders are of a larger pattern.

With these indications of the present bouffant style becoming popular, we can safely predict its superseding next winter the close clinging style.

For several years past side-pleated flounces of white muslin have been much used on dresses of silk in a dark color, and even on black. This summer the fashion of such flounces employed in a similar manner has been revived. In carriages and at dinners are seen dresses of black silk or dark gray silk trimmed not merely with narrow but with very wide flounces of white muslin. When such a toilette is not designed for half mourning, it is trimmed with a profusion of colored ribbon bows. Bronze-colored faille or foulard is also trimmed with flounces of white muslin. But it should be understood that this trimming, like dresses with trains, is employed exclusively for carriage or evening dresses.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Fireplaces in Summer.—When the increasing warmth of the spring weather forces us to extinguish our blazing and cheerful winter companion, the fire, nothing, I think, can surpass the melancholy blackness, the utter unsightliness of the vacant grate. Even the bright associations of the past winter—the friendly chat and pleasant laughter over afternoon teas inhumerable, taken in the warmth of its cosy light—fail to redeem its mournful ugliness. Modern fashion has introduced many much-needed improvements which, after all, are only revivals of the taste of our ancestors, who certainly knew how to design delightful fireplaces; and we cannot do better now than carefully to copy their oak over-mantels, and shelves for china, and their Dutch tiles, of every design and color.

Of course those who are happy enough to own a fireplace beautified and adorned in the modern style will not be very anxious to hide it. Those who happen, however, to live in houses (and their name is Legion) which they do not own and cannot improve, will feel the wish, with each returning summer, to "do something" with the unsightly hearth. For their benefit I intend to gather, from all sources, suggestions, plans, and instructions how to beautify the fireplace in summer.

A very usual plan is to utilize a looking-glass for the purpose, made to fit the empty space, with, or without a row of flowering plants in a box before it. This, however, is expensive, and is open to objection on that score alone. For bedrooms, fireboards have long been considered the right thing, but as our knowledge of hygiene advances we shall find them seriously objectionable on account of their checking the ventilation which the chimney affords. This should be always a consideration in any room used for sleeping purposes. As this, nevertheless, is really one of the most natural forms, and the difficulties of ventilation cannot be overcome by using merely a frame of wood, and not a solid board, I have several suggestions to offer as to the embellishment of the so-called "fireboard."

The wooden frame (being made, of course, to fit the opening for which it is intended) should be covered with coarse canvass, well stretched and nailed on. Upon this the background is pasted, if of paper; but if of linen, cotton, or cloth it can also be stretched and nailed on. There is nothing to prevent the economically inclined from doing this at home. A ground of plain black or colored paper may have flower designs raised upon it, and a landscape in the centre. I have also seen an attempt to represent water-lilies floating on a pond, with overhanging branches and reeds, and birds and butterflies hovering above. All these designs were cut from chintz, cretonne and paper, and simply pasted on the back, which was chosen of some shade of color likely to suit the room and its prevailing tint. Any one a little skilled in oil-painting could fill the fireplace very effectively with some roughly-drawn sketch, such as I have already described.

It must be remembered that very much depends upon the style of our chimney-piece and other surroundings; so before deciding upon any suggestion which has pleased us, we must consider its appropriateness to the fixed objects of our fireside. For instance, if the mantle-piece be of white or colored marble, nothing I have yet described, except looking-glass, is suitable. The American plan, now so fashionable, for window decoration, of driel ferns and leaves arranged between glass, is remarkably effective with marble mantels. A back of black paper should be pasted behind the inside glass, to do away with the transparency, which, of course, is not necessary, as it has not to be seen through.

Wicker-work baskets, the length of the chimney, and slightly bowed in the centre in front, are sold in many shops, in which to plant natural flowers. There is a tin box of the same size inside. Where expense is no object, or where you are living in the country, and can collect mosses and ferns without trouble, this is an excellent plan; but in large cities it is not attainable by people of small means. When natural flowers are used, they must be protected from the draught of the chimney by a close fireboard, or they will wither and die in an hour or so.

Our last idea upon the decoration of the fireboard, is to cover it with green or scarlet cloth, for the reception of china plaques, or plates. These are let into circles cut for the purpose, and slightly sunk below the level of the board. A large round plate for the centre might have smaller sizes arranged around it. Antique china is not needful, and now that china-painting is so fashionable, this may be a new idea for the disposal of some of our own home-work. We have suffered so long from tissue-paper horrors of all sorts, and all colors, which are represented as falling out of the fireplace much like a stream of water from a pitcher; we have also been deluged with cascades of shavings, for the same purpose—both of which as decorations, are in the last degree inartistic and vulgar. So I do not intend to advise either of them as methods of beautifying our ideal summer hearth. It is pleasanter to try "fields and pastures new." In these a novel and pretty ornament to fill up a grate is one of the large-sized Japanese parasols, opened wide, the gay coloring forming a bright spot in the dark surroundings of the fireplace. The stick of the parasol will generally require shortening a little. A young friend of ours has ornamented a fire-board lately with the small parasols from the same Eastern region, which are now sold, we believe, for two cents a piece. She either cuts off the sticks closely, or makes a hole to receive them, and in both cases they need strong glue to make them adhere tightly. The tiny parasols are put on the board as a pattern, and have a pretty effect on a black ground. Another pretty fireboard decoration is to insert wire rings at suitable distances in the board, for the reception of flowerpots, holding creepers and hanging plants of various sorts, such as are used for hanging baskets.

In this country, as in Germany, constant use is made of the ivy for indoor decoration of all kinds. It is trained around doors and windows, as well as the pictures, bookcases and alcoves. A little care in watering it, and sponging the leaves, enables it to resist even an atmosphere heated with stoves. It forms a particularly pretty decoration for the mantel-piece and fireplace, wreathed round and drooping from the former, and trained over a trellis-work for the latter. The trellis must be protected, by a close fireboard at the back, from the draught of the chimney, and frequent sponging of the leaves will not be forgotten by those who remember that plants breathe through their leaves, and cannot remain healthy if their pores be closed with dust.

A pyramidal flowerstand for pots, covered with virgin cork, is one of the latest suggestions made in a fashionable journal, to fill the vacant space in front of the fireplace, standing on the hearth. A wire stand can be used, however old and worn, and there are clever people in every household, I think, equal to the task of arranging the cork over it, so as to hide the wire, and make it "beautiful forever." Ferns in pots are used for this stand, and the common kinds, which can be gathered in any country walk, are quite suitable. A white parian or terra-cotta statuette looks very charming in the midst of the green, feathery fronds of the ferns. Both the fender and hearthrug must be removed with most of the decorations I have mentioned, and careful housewives will not be sorry to give them a rest.

But no method of filling up the fireplace is so nice, to my mind, as a set of shelves fitting in under the mantelboard and reaching to the floor. In a small house they afford great comfort, and give extra room for china or books. These cupboards, as they may be called, are especially charming if there be an over-mantel with niches and shelves for china, the whole effect is then that of a handsome cabinet, and the idea of a fireplace is quite obliterated.

I have left until the very last the most popular addition of the day to the fittings of the drawing-room, as well as the other rooms of the house; these are the mantel-curtains, which have become quite the rage. Perhaps they are really the most artistic, as well as the most natural, way to fill up the ugly void left by the banished fire. They do not interfere with the ventilation, and they keep out the draught. The only care must be to see that they are properly dusted and shaken. The length and breadth must depend, of course, on the size of the fireplace, but they should just touch, not drag on the ground. There should always be two curtains, opening in the middle, in front. They are usually attached to the wooden mantle-board, to which a shaped rod of stout iron is attached, rounded at the corners of the board; the curtains can then be pulled back, out of harm's way, if they remain up while the fire is lit.

Small curtain-rings are sewn on to the curtains about six inches apart, respectively, by which to suspend them, and over this hangs the valance from the mantel-board. If the curtains be embroidered, the valance is quite a plain and straight band of the same material as the curtains, with a design of the same nature. In any case, it should be borne in mind that the plainer and simpler the folds of a valance, the better from an artistic point of view. A five-inch border is quite deep enough, and care must be taken to regard the valance and the curtain as a harmonious whole, so that the former be neither oppressively conspicuous, nor so small as to be insignificant, when viewed from the opposite side of the room.

The materials used for these curtains are many—velvet, embossed velveteen, reps-silk materials, hop-sacking, crash, linen Java canvass, diagonal cloths, and serges. Embroidery in crewel has been applied to them with the happiest effect. The designs used may be either bands of embroidery as a border round the curtains, horizontal stripes of alternate embroidery or material, or an up-growing design from the lower end of the curtain. The latter idea is a very pretty one, and not difficult to carry out, as the suggestion for the design can be discovered in many a sketch and picture. Nor must I forget that style ornament called "powder-bags," which are small patterns scattered at equal distances over a given surface. It is admirably suited for the ornamentation of small curtains, such as those of which we are speaking, and those used for bookcases and sideboards. A piece of tapestry would look well for such a purpose.

Hitherto I have spoken exclusively of curtains which entirely hide the chimney-piece, but if it be a handsome one, and a decoration of itself, and the grate be the only part which it is needful to hide, another method of decoration must be practised. This is by the means of a single short curtain, covering up the grate.

A proper workman must be employed to put up a small rod under the marble, or wooden beam of the mantel, between the side pillars, for the curtain to hang upon. There need be no fullness in the curtain if it be handsomely embroidered, but if not, the folds must be small, and regular in their arrangement; and the rod and rings should be of polished brass, and kept bright and in good order. Of course, if tapestry, it must have no folds.

These small curtains are very appropriate with the new-fashioned tiled hearths and marble fenders, as they brighten up a dark place, and hide nothing which should be shown. It is hardly needful to say that the colors chosen should harmonize, not contrast, with the surroundings in which they are to be seen. Large china jars are usually placed inside the marble fenders, during the summer, and can kept filled with flowers, if they are to be had. In conclusion, I may be permitted to express the hope that now I have shown how really artistic and suitable decorations may be arranged at a small cost, my readers will emancipate themselves from the yoke of tissue-paper and artificial flowers, and consider the adoption of new ideas for beautifying the fireplace in summer.

Will some one please tell, through the Fireside Chat, how to make ice cream and freeze without a freezer, and how to make cardboard ornament, so that an invalid could could make them, by reading the description in the Chat. Please answer, for I am very anxious to know, and oblige—*Heather Bell.*

THE use of horse flesh as an article of food has made great progress in Paris, where a thousand horses more or lessare slaughtered every week, animals being even imported for that purpose. The snail is becoming another fashionable article of diet in France, and for some time past a particular place has been appropriated for their sale in the Paris fishmarkets. Snails were highly esteemed by the Romans, our masters in gastronomy, and are now raised in many of the departments with success, a French journal says. In the sixteenth century the Capuchins of Fribourg possessed the art of fattening the snail—an art not lost in our day, for in Lorraine and Burgundy they raise excellent snails, which find a sure demand in the Paris market. There are now more than fifty restaurants and more than a thousand private tables in Paris where snails are accepted as a delicacy by upwards of ten thousand consumers, the monthly consumption of this mollusk being estimated at half a million. Snails are becoming scarce in the neighborhood of London, where for some time snail-collecting has been developed into a regular trade.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

A. G., (Passaic, N. J.)—Use dumb-bells to counteract a tendency towards roundness of shoulders.

W. T. S., (Nelson, Ky.)—Frequent shaving is the best means of promoting the growth of the whiskers and beard.

P. P., (Outagamie, Wis.)—When an author's name is not published it should be inferred that it is by his own wish it is suppressed.

DESMOND, (Passaic, N. J.)—No doubt consumption is curable, as all the most eminent medical practitioners of the present day maintain.

ZELIDA, (Crawford, Pa.)—If the gentleman's attentions are disagreeable to you, show him as much by meansof a cold, distant, but lady-like demeanor.

MIC, (Franklin, O.)—Hebe is pronounced as if spelt hee-bee; and cochestra, or-kes-trah. The name Katharine, or Catherine, is derived from the Greek, and means pure.

F. W., (Chambers, Ala.)—There is no more simple recipe for making gelatine than the process for boiling down the skins, tendons, cartilages, and membranes of animals.

AUDREY, (Luzerne, Pa.)—In preparing manuscripts for the press only one side of the paper should be written upon. The slips may be cut a little larger than ordinary note paper.

ALOY, (Benton, Ark.)—We do not remember ever to have given a recipe to remove the red marks left by an eruption on the face. The marks will most probably disappear in due course.

J. W. S. (Phila., Pa.)—A person may be a "consistent christian," as you term it, and yet visit theatres. It would be absurd to suppose that true religion is opposed to harmless amusement.

CIGAR, (Phila., Pa.)—Smoking immoderately does harm to anybody, no matter how vigorous his constitution; and even very moderate smoking will prove pernicious to persons of weak constitution.

J. (Lyon, Miss.)—A gentleman may be paying rather marked attention to a lady, but it is not to be expected as a matter of course that he is to declare himself after an acquaintance of only two months.

LINDA, (Monona, Iowa.)—We really cannot advise young ladies as to the manner in which they should wear their hair. It is a pure matter of taste and of what is suitable to a particular style of countenance.

F. A. L., (Bather, Pa.)—As you now wish the gentleman to propose again there can be no harm in your letting him see by your manner that your feelings have changed and that such a proposition would be agreeable.

W., (Lincoln, Tenn.)—You are not too old to begin learning music; but how long you may be in attaining to a certain degree of proficiency depends on your taste and ability. We do not recommend particular professors.

ESMERIE, (Montcalm, Mich.)—A lady need not remove her glove when shaking hands with a gentleman. The only way to cure yourself of "the foolish habit of raising the eyebrows when in conversation," is by striving all you can to avoid doing so.

DUNDREARY, (Cortland, N. Y.)—It is quite proper for a lady and gentleman to walk arm-in-arm if they be related or intimate. The custom of walking arm-in-arm has not exploded. Attentive husbands nearly always give their wives their arm.

M. M. N., (Beaufort, N. C.)—The young gentleman who, having paid his addresses to a young lady for almost four years, has during the last month come to the conclusion that he does not love her sufficiently to make her his wife, has not acted very honorably towards her.

L., (Washington, D. C.)—The term Blue Stocking, applied to literary ladies, was conferred on a society in England which was called the Blue Stocking Club, in which females were admitted; and so called owing to a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, one of its acting members, always wearing blue stockings.

M., (Newton, Tex.)—We deeply sympathize with you in the misfortune which your letter sets forth; but we are totally unable to advise you how to proceed. Unfortunately, we receive many letters of an equally distressing character, and we are all the more deeply touched on account of our inability to offer any practical advice in these matters.

KATE, (Cape May, N. J.)—It would be rude of a lady to refuse to dance with one gentleman and then accept the offer of another—provided there was no special reason why the first should be refused. But as for the former having the power to step up and compel the lady to abandon her partner and dance with himself, that is out of the question.

RIDDLE, (Scranton, Pa.)—It is true. The name of God does not occur in the Book of Esther. It has been remarked by some Jewish commentators that the name which is not mentioned in the book may be inferred from certain paraphrases. The readers of that faith we believe replace this want also by raising the voice in a peculiar manner when reading the paraphrases.

MIRIAM, (Charlestown, S. C.)—It would be impossible for you to receive letters from a distant State stamped with the official stamp of the post-office in that State unless they were really sent from there, or sent from your own town enclosed in another letter, and then mailed from the distant office. One thing however you may be sure of, the letters must come from the postoffice whose stamp the envelope bears, however they get there.

CLARIBEL, (Harford, Md.)—In introducing persons to each other no fixed rule exists. "Permit me to present," "Allow me to introduce," "Allow me the pleasure of presenting," are forms of expression generally used. Where sexes are concerned always present the gentleman to the lady, and in other cases the inferior to the superior. These general rules, like all other general rules, are of course subject to various modifications, which personal tact must be able to meet on the spot.

READER, (Brier Creek, N. C.)—It is usual but not correct to say a person "looks bad" when in delicate health. The proper form is to say he "looks badly," if such an expression is to be used. 2. To say a girl "looks pretty" is better than to say she "looks prettily." 3. "I fell into the creek pretty d'eply" is not English at all, much less correct English. You must use a different form and say, "The creek was rather deep where I fell in," or some such words, bearing in mind the grammatical requirements of the language.

E. P., (Hancock, W. Va.)—Porcelain—from the Portuguese porcellana, a cup or vessel—is a superior kind of earthenware, also called china on account of its having been first introduced into Europe from the Celestial Empire. A description of the processes involved in the combination of the constituent earths into clay, turning the product while plastic into required shape by the lathe, burning, glazing, painting, and burnishing, would occupy too much space for insertion here. Any good cyclopedia or dictionary of arts or technology should contain particulars on the subject.

C. J., (Monterey, Cal.)—The number of comets belonging to our solar system is undetermined; but more than 700 have been observed, and there is every reason to believe the number may be greatly augmented. We can calculate the precise return of three or four only. One, called Halley's, appears every seventy-fifth year, and was last seen in 1835; a second, called Bella's, has an orbit of six and three-quarter years; a third, called Enche's, only three years and four months. There is another which, from historical tradition, is supposed to appear every 575 years, and, in that case, will return in 2220.

JUNIUS, (Camden, N. J.)—Members of the English Parliament, unlike those of our Congress, are not paid for their services, but other officials are. The Speaker of the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, receives $50,000 annually; the Clerk of the House of Peers, $12,500 annually; his Deputy, $5,000; the Reading Clerk, $6,000; the Counsel to the Chairs, $7,500; there are six clerks at $6,000 each; eighteen on smaller pay; a Librarian at $4,000; a Deputy Librarian at $2,500; two "Examiners of Standing Orders" at $4,000; the Gentleman Usher of the Black Wand, $10,000; the Yeoman Usher at $5,000; the Sergeant-at-Arms, $7,500, and his Deputy $3,000. There is a well-salaried shorthand writer and a host of uniformed doorkeepers and servants comfortably compensated.

J. B., (Osborne, Kans.)—Sarsaparilla is the root of the Smilax, and the most esteemed is called Jamaica. The name is derived from two Spanish words—zarza, a bramble, and parilla, a vine. Decoction of sarsaparilla is made by taking, say, four ounces of the root, sliced down, and putting it into four pints of water and simmering for four hours; after which it is taken out, mashed, replaced in the liquor, which is boiled to two pints, strained and cooled. A wineglassful three times a day is the usual dose. 2. The formula prescribed for clear-starching is: Rinse in three waters, dry, dip into thick-made starch strained through muslin; squeeze, shake gently, and again hang to dry; then dip into clear water two or three times, squeeze, spread on linen cloth, roll up in it, to lie an hour before ironing. The addition of a little sugar or borax to the starch is desirable. The end of a tallow candle is also recommended to increase glossiness.

EDWARD, (Rice, Minn.)—Shamoy skins are largely used for many purposes—for inside linings of gloves, &c., and for cleaning purposes in many departments. It is not derived from the skin of the chamois, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, from the sound of the name, but from the flesh side of the sheep-skins which have been split. These skins, after having been passed in the ordinary way through the earlier processes of washing, &c., are soaked first in lime-water and next in a mixture of bran and water, or in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, after which they are beaten in a mill till no moisture remains in them. Fish oil is then poured over the skins, which are again beaten till they are thoroughly impregnated with it. This is done over and over again until the skins can receive no more oil, and then they are hung up for a short time in a room heated up to a certain temperature. They are then carefully washed in a solution of potash, which removes any oil that may still remain about the leather; and thus we have the shamoy skin of daily use.

ENGAGED, (Phila., Pa.)—In reality we think the inscription for the ring is open to the charge of being an unfortunate one. Almost all are of course well aware that it has been the fashion for three or four years past to engrave the word "Mizpah" upon lockets for presentation by young gentlemen to their sweethearts. But all do not know the meaning of the mystical word. The answer usually given to the enquiry is that the word means "The Lord watch over thee when we are absent, one from another." This is certainly a literal amount of English translation for one Hebrew word. If you look it out in a Hebrew dictionary you will find its meaning given as simply a watch-tower, and nothing more. And if you look into the Book of Genesis you will find no very happy or affectionate associations attaching to the use of the word as a proper name in the 31st chapter. After Laban and Jacob had cheated each other, and